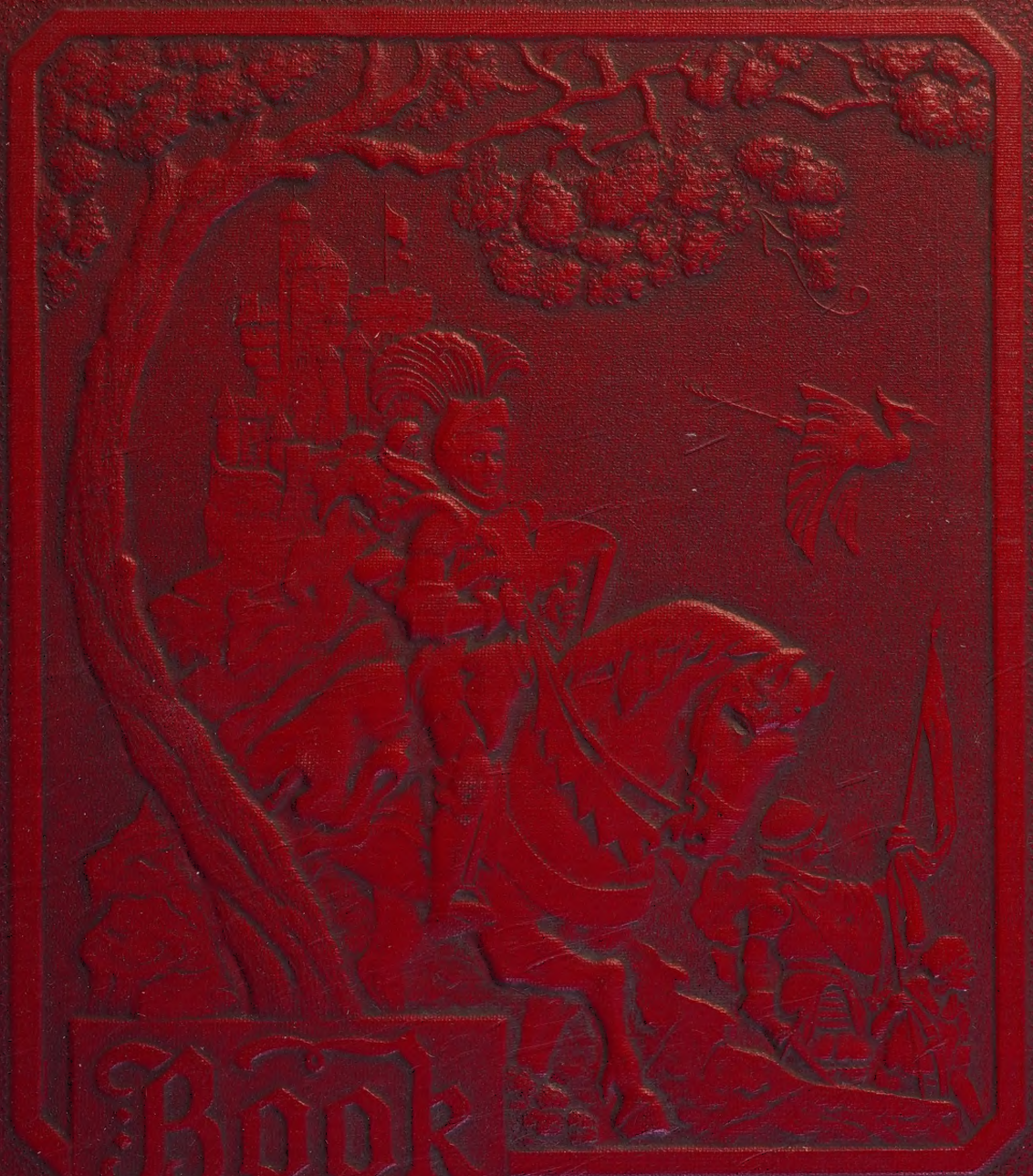

Book Trails

— FOR — BABY FEET

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Book Trails

FOR BABY FEET

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LITTLE BLACK SAMBO

HELEN BANNERMAN

ONCE upon a time there was a little black boy, and his name was Little Black Sambo.

And his Mother was called Black Mumbo.

And his Father was called Black Jumbo.

And Black Mumbo made him a beautiful little Red Coat, and a pair of beautiful little Blue Trousers.

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And Black Jumbo went to the Bazaar, and bought him a beautiful Green Umbrella, and a lovely little Pair of Purple Shoes with Crimson Soles and Crimson Linings.

And then wasn't Little Black Sambo grand?

So he put on all his fine clothes, and went out for a walk in the Jungle. And by and by he met a Tiger.

And the Tiger said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little Red Coat."

So the Tiger said, "Very well, I won't eat you this time, but you must give me your beautiful little Red Coat."

So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Red Coat, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And Little Black Sambo went on, and by and by he met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little Blue Trousers."

So the Tiger said, "Very well, I won't eat you this time, but you must give me your beautiful little Blue Trousers."

So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Blue Trousers, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And Little Black Sambo went on, and by and by he met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little Purple Shoes with Crimson Soles and Crimson Linings."

But the Tiger said, "What use would your shoes be to me? I've got four feet, and you've got only two; You haven't got enough shoes for me." But Little Black Sambo said, "You could wear them on your ears."

"So I could," said the Tiger; "that's a very good idea. Give them to me, and I won't eat you this time."

So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Purple Shoes with Crimson Soles and Crimson Linings, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And by and by Little Black Sambo met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful Green Umbrella." But the Tiger said, "How can I carry an umbrella when I need all my paws for walking?"

"You could tie a knot on your tail, and carry it that way," said Little Black Sambo.

"So I could," said the Tiger. "Give it to me, and I won't eat you this time."

So he got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful Green Umbrella, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And poor Little Black Sambo went away crying,

because the cruel Tigers had taken all his fine clothes.

Presently he heard a horrible noise that sounded like "Gr-r-r-r-rrrrrrr," and it got louder and louder. "Oh, dear!" said Little Black Sambo, "there are all the Tigers coming back to eat me up! What shall I do?" So he ran quickly to a palm-tree, and peeped around it to see what the matter was.

And there he saw all the Tigers fighting, and disputing which of them was the grandest.

And at last they all got so angry that they jumped up and took off all the fine clothes, and began to tear each other with their claws, and bite each other with their great big white teeth.

And they came, rolling and tumbling right to the foot of the very tree where Little Black Sambo was hiding, but he jumped quickly in behind the umbrella. And the Tigers all caught hold of each other's tails, as they wrangled and scrambled, and so they found themselves in a ring round the tree.

Then when the Tigers looked very wee and very far away, Little Black Sambo jumped up, and called out, "Oh! Tigers! why have you taken off all your nice clothes? Don't you want them any more?" But the Tigers only answered "Gr-r-rrrrr!"

Then Little Black Sambo said, "If you want them, say so, or I'll take them away." But the Tigers would not let go of each other's tails, and so they could only say "Gr-r-r-r-rrrrrrr!" So Little Black Sambo put on all his fine clothes again and walked off.

And the Tigers were very, very angry, but still they would not let go of each other's tails. And they were

so angry that they ran round the tree, trying to eat each other up, and they ran faster and faster, till they were whirling round so fast that you couldn't see their legs at all.

And they still ran faster and faster and faster, till they all just melted away, and there was nothing left but a great big pool of melted butter (or "ghi," as it is called in India) round the foot of the tree.

Now Black Jumbo was just coming home from his work, with a great brass pot in his arms, and when he saw what was left of all the Tigers he said, "Oh, what lovely melted butter! I'll take that home to Black Mumbo for her to cook with." So he put it all into the great big brass pot, and took it home to Black Mumbo to cook with.

When Black Mumbo saw the melted butter, wasn't she pleased! "Now," said she, "we'll all have pancakes for supper!"

So she got flour and eggs and milk and sugar and butter, and she made a huge big plate of most lovely pancakes. And she fried them in the melted butter which the Tigers had made, and they were just as

yellow and brown as little Tigers ever had been.

And then they all sat down to supper. And Black Mumbo ate Twenty-seven pancakes, and Black Jumbo ate Fifty-five, but Little Black Sambo ate a Hundred and Sixty-nine, because he was so hungry.

THE LION

THE LION, the Lion, he dwells in the waste,
He has a big head and a very small waist;
But his shoulders are stark, and his jaws they are grim,
And a good little child will not play with him.

HILAIRE BELLOC

From *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*, by Hilaire Belloc. Permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York, and G. Duckworth & Co., London.

THE PIRATE BLUE JAY

FLORENCE S. PAGE

ONCE there was a Blue Jay who decided to be a Pirate. He was a young Blue Jay, and he didn't have very much sense, and besides he was *very* lazy. He was so lazy that he didn't want to pull worms out of the ground, or hunt for worms, or even look around for worms that might be lying around within reach.

By permission of the author

When he first thought of being a Pirate, he jumped up and down on an oak branch, squawking with delight. He made a frightful noise when he squawked, and the other birds had often begged him not to do it, because it waked up their babies. But he squawked on just the same.

"Ha, ha," he said, "I'll like being a Pirate. I'll get a cocked hat, and I'll wear a red sash, and I'll get a squirt-gun, and instead of drudging around all day looking for worms, I'll just sit and wait till the other birds find them. Then I'll walk up with my squirt-gun and say, 'Hold up your beak! Your worm or your life!' and they'll have to give that worm to me. What a joke!" And the bad Blue Jay laughed and laughed till he fell off his branch and turned three somersaults before he could catch himself.

Then he started out, and bought himself a cocked hat and a red sash and a big black squirt-gun. He had a terrible struggle with the sash because he didn't know how to tie it. Finally he wrapped it around himself, and fastened the end with a thorn from the rose bush. It was almost as good as a pin for fastening things.

Then he hid in a hole in the oak tree. He thought he looked very fierce, but he really looked quite silly. His cocked hat stuck up on top of his head and his red sash made him look *so* fat.

He waited a long time, but at last he heard somebody coming. He peered around and saw it was little Mrs. Robin with a long, long worm in her beak. Out the Pirate Blue Jay popped.

"Ho, there," he said, "I want that worm myself. Drop it! Quick!" Mrs. Robin was so frightened by his squirt-gun that she dropped the worm, and dropped herself too! She fell to the ground and lay quite still. The Blue Jay flew down after her for the worm; but as he flew, his sash became unpinned and wound all around his feet. When he tried to walk he tumbled heels over head, and before he could unwind himself there was a loud noise all around him.

"Caw, caw, caw!" There was a great flapping of wings. The Blue Jay twisted his head around, and discovered that a great flock of crows had flown down to see what was the matter. "Caw, caw, caw!" they screamed. "What's all this? What's wrong here?"

"What's all this?" Mrs. Robin repeated indignantly, sitting up. "Why, I was just flying sensibly along with a worm for my family, and this fellow hopped out and told me I had to give it to him! Isn't that a wicked thing to do?"

"I'm a Pirate!" said the Blue Jay loudly, kicking and trying to untangle himself from his sash. "She has to give me her worm. I'm a Pirate!"

"Haw, haw, haw!" laughed the crows. "Haw, haw, haw! Caw, caw, caw! He says he's a Pirate. We'll show him what happens to pirates!"

And they rolled him over and over in his red sash,

and then they rolled him round and round till he was *very* dizzy. And they tickled him, too, till he begged them with great earnestness to stop.

"If we do, will you be a good Blue Jay?" they said.

"Oh, *yes,*" the Blue Jay promised. "Don't roll me around any more."

"And will you tell Mrs. Robin that you're sorry you bothered her?"

"Yes," said the Blue Jay. "OOooh! Don't tickle me!"

"And will you carry her worm home to her children for her?"

"Yes," said the Blue Jay faintly, "if you wish it."

"And will you throw away your squirt-gun and your sash and your cocked hat, and find your own worms after this, as a good bird should?"

"I'll find my own worms," said the Blue Jay, "and I'll throw away my squirt-gun and this old sash. But —but—I'd like to keep my cocked hat, if you please."

"If we let you keep your hat, will you try hard not to be lazy and cross?" asked the crows.

"I'll be as good as a robin!" promised the Blue Jay.

And he was.

He threw away his squirt-gun, and he gave his red sash to the woodpecker, who wore it for a cap.

And ever after that he was a very good Blue Jay—one of the very best Blue Jays in the whole world.

Yes, indeed. Even the Blue Jays said so.

He never tried to steal another worm, and he wasn't lazy at all; and he only squawked when he wanted to warn the other birds of danger, and of course they were glad to have him squawk just as loud as he wanted to then—even if it did wake up their babies.

So at last they made him their Policeman, and he was a good Policeman and lived happily ever after!

GOOD BOYS AT THEIR BOOKS

He who ne'er learns his A, B, C,
Forever will a Blockhead be;
But he who to his Book's inclin'd,
Will soon a golden Treasure find.

DUTY TO GOD AND YOUR NEIGHBOR

Love God with all our soul and strength
  With all our heart and mind,
And love your neighbor as yourself,
  Be faithful, just, and kind.
Deal with another as you'd have
  Another deal with you:
What you're unwilling to receive,
  Be sure you never do.

From *The New England Primer.*

A RADIO WISH
I'D LOVE to tune into the air
If I could hear instead
Of jazz-songs just a cricket's prayer
Before he goes to bed.
And then I'd tune and tune and tune
Till I heard way up far
The lullaby of Mother Moon
To a baby star.
MARJORIE BARROWS
Janet Laura Scott
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THE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE DOGGIES

Alice E. Cartlidge

ONCE there were three little doggies, all brown and yellow and white and fuzzy.

One was named Brownie.

And one was named Laddie.

And one was named Bobs.

They lived on a big farm awa-ay out in the country, and they were just as happy as little doggies could possibly be.

One day the dog-store-man in the big city went out to the farm and gave the farmer some money, and took the three little doggies to the dog store.

And awa-ay on the other side of town, there lived

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a little boy named Billy, and it was almost time for Billy to be five years old.

So Billy's mother whispered to Billy's father: "For one of his birthday presents we'll buy a little dog for him to play with."

And Billy's father whispered to Billy's mother: "That will be just the thing."

So they went to the dog store and saw the three brown and yellow and white and fuzzy little doggies, and they were all three so beautiful and cunning that it was hard to choose. But they finally chose the one named Brownie, tucked him in a little basket, and took him home, where they hid him in the garage until Billy's birthday; and then, the very *first* thing in the morning, they took Billy out to see the little doggie.

Brownie had been a very lonesome little doggie and had cried himself to sleep at night, but as soon as Billy hugged him, he felt better.

"Oh!" said Billy. "He's the most be-u-ful present I have! What is his name, Father?"

"The dog-store-man said his name was Brownie," said Father. "That name fits him, with his brown coat."

Well, while they were eating breakfast, Uncle Jack's roadster chug-chugged up the driveway. Out jumped Uncle Jack with something in his arms—and *what* do you suppose it was?

It was a wee little doggie, all brown and yellow and white and fuzzy!

"Oh! *Oh!*" cried Billy, and he took it in his arms, but it wriggled so hard that he ran out and put it on the grass with Brownie.

"What is his name, Uncle Jack?" asked Billy.

"His name is Laddie," said Uncle Jack. "I knew Billy would like a puppy, and I found this beauty at the dog store.

Billy's father and mother laughed and took Uncle Jack out to see Brownie and Laddie frisking about, and then Uncle Jack laughed, too.

But when he said, "I'll take him back to the city and bring Billy something else," Billy begged, "Oh, *please* don't, Uncle Jack, I want both of them! Mayn't I keep *both* of them, Mother?"

His mother looked at his father and his father looked at his mother. They smiled and they nodded, and Billy

was dancing joyfully up and down when they heard another automobile. So Billy's mother said:

"That must be Auntie Nell, so leave your doggies here, Honey-boy, and we'll bring her to see what a funny surprise you had."

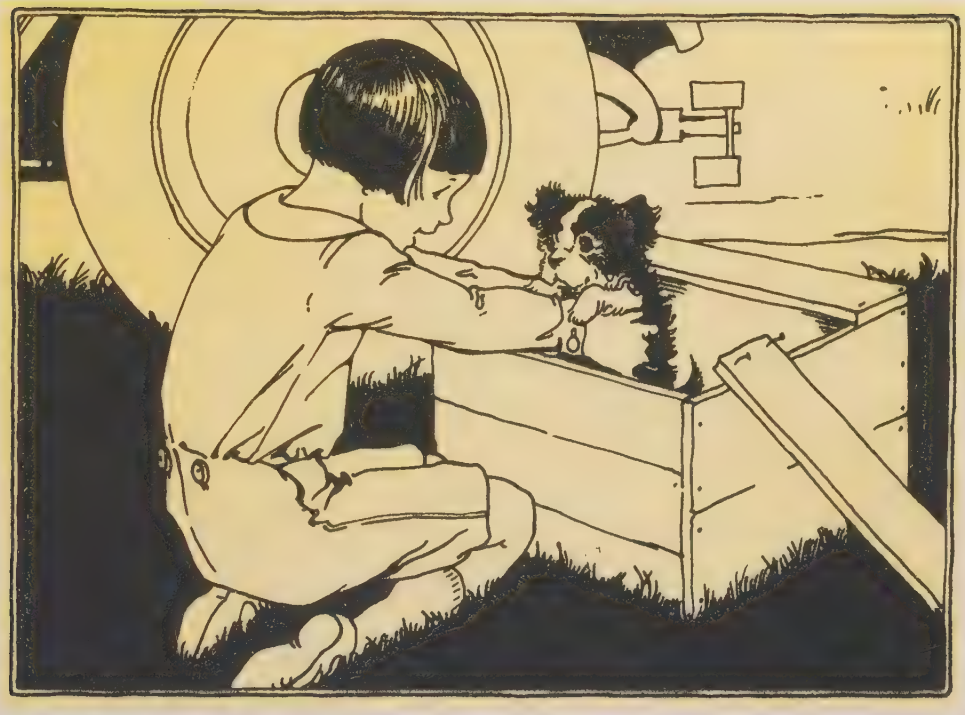
So Billy left his two fuzzy brown and yellow and white puppies playing on the grass together, and hurried out front to where Auntie Nell was waiting.

When Auntie Nell saw them coming, she called, "Happy birthday, Billikins! Come and see what I've brought you!"

So Billy climbed up and looked in a box in the automobile, and—*what* do you think?

There, all cuddled up in a soft little brown and yellow and white and fuzzy ball, was a third little doggie, and he was sound asleep!

"What is his name?" asked Billy, all excited.



"The dog-store-man said his name was Bobs," said Auntie Nell.

"Oh! *Oh!* OH!" screamed Billy, and the little doggie waked up and began to bark, and *then* how the others laughed, while Auntie Nell looked surprised.

So they took Auntie Nell around the house, and Billy carried the little doggie that was named Bobs, and when Auntie Nell saw Brownie and Laddie scampering about, she laughed, too. It was so funny, they all laughed.

"Well, Billy, I'll bring you something else. What do you want?"

But Billy begged, "Mother, Mother, I want them *all!* Oh, please, mayn't I have them all?"

And Billy's mother said to Billy's father, "It would be a pity to separate them again." And Billy's father said, "Yes, it would. See how happy they are, together!" Then Billy knew what his mother would say next, so he just danced around, singing:

"Oh, goody, *goody! three* little doggies, all my very own! This is the very best birthday I ever had! The very best birthday I ever had! The very best birthday I ever had!" He sang it so loudly that his mother and father and his Auntie Nell and Uncle Jack laughed and put their fingers in their ears and begged him to stop.

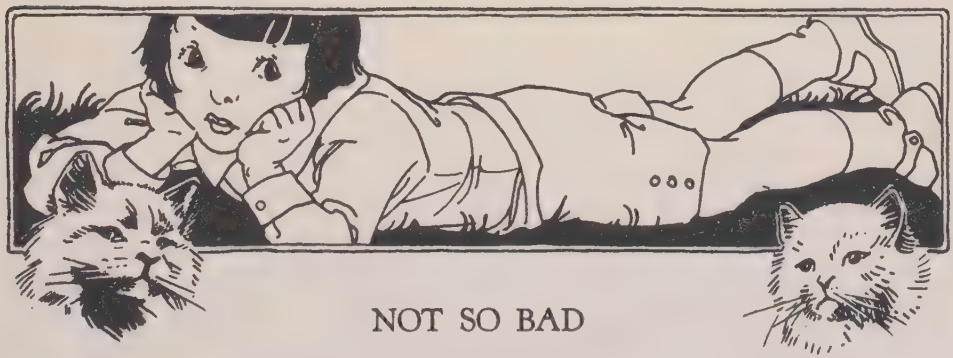
So Billy and the three little doggies rolled and tumbled on the lawn, and when Billy had his party and had ice cream and a big sunshine cake with five candles on it, all the little doggies had warm milk and crisp puppy biscuit.

And, when night came Billy's father took the little doggies and put them in a box of nice clean straw,

out in the garage; and they all turned around in the box, and wagged their tiny tails, and then curled up like three little fuzzy brown and yellow and white balls and went sound asleep.

And then Billy said "Good night" to everybody, and his mother took him upstairs, and heard him say his prayers, and tucked him all cuddly in his bed, and kissed his eyelids shut—and then Billy went sound asleep.

And that's all.



NOT SO BAD

I'M glad that I'm a little lad,
And not a pussy-cat;
And sometimes when I'm feeling sad,
Things do not really seem so bad
If I just think of that.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

From *St. Nicholas Book of Verse*. New York: The Century Co.

THE KITTY WITH THE BLACK NOSE

JASMINE STONE VAN DRESSER

ONCE there was a kitty with a black nose. She was a happy little kitty and played all day, chasing her tail or a piece of string.

One day she jumped up in front of the looking-glass and saw her black nose.

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "I have a black nose! I will run and hide and never play any more."

So she hid under the woodshed, and would not come

From *The Little Pink Pig and the Big Road*, by Jasmine Stone Van Dresser. By permission of Rand McNally & Company, publishers, Chicago.

out when the little girl who loved her so called her.

"She knows I have a black nose," thought Kitty. And she would not even meow to let the little girl know where she was. And she stayed there all night.

Next day the butterflies flew about in the sunshine, calling, "Where is the kitty that chases us and plays with us? The garden is lonely without her."

But Kitty stayed in her hiding place and would not even meow.

"The butterflies know I have a black nose," she thought.

Soon after dinner when the sun shone hot, big old Rover came over from the house next door.

"Where is the kitty that sleeps between my paws every afternoon?" he growled. "I cannot take my nap without her."

But Kitty stayed in her hiding place and would not even meow.

"Rover knows I have a black nose," she thought, "and he cannot love me."

The daisies in the field called to one another, and the kitty heard them from her hiding place.

"Have you seen the kitty that runs about playing hide-and-seek among us? Why doesn't she come to us? She knows we cannot go to her."

But Kitty stayed in her hiding place and would not even meow.

"The daisies know I have a black nose," she thought.

All day the creatures and the flowers called to the playful little kitty.

But Kitty would not answer.

Robin Redbreast, who hopped about the lawn and always flew up in the cherry tree when Kitty tried to catch him, sang a sad song.

"Where is the kitty? Where is the kitty?"

But Kitty stayed in her hiding place and would not even meow.

"Robin knows I have a black nose," she thought.

Kitty stayed under the woodshed all *that* night.

Next morning she was so hungry that she crept out to find her saucer of milk.

The saucer of milk stood where the little girl always put it, and the kitty lapped it joyfully. The little girl saw kitty lapping the milk, and she ran out crying, "Oh,

my dear Kitty, where have you been?" And she cuddled her up in her arms.

"How can you love me when I have a black nose?" whimpered the kitty.

"Why, you foolish kitty! Your cunning black nose is the prettiest thing about you," said the little girl. And she squeezed the kitty so tight she could scarcely breathe.

Then the butterflies flew about, calling, "Come chase us! Come chase us! We are ready for play!"

The kitty put her paw over her black nose.

"How can you like to play with me when my nose is black?" she meowed.

"We did not notice that your nose is black," answered the butterflies. "Come play. It is lonely without you."

"Come Kitty," whispered the daisies. "We do not know white from black, but we love you, and we want you to come play among us."

Robin Redbreast sang, "Come, you can't catch me!"

Kitty ran after him, but he flew up to the topmost branch of the cherry tree singing, "We've found the kitty! We've found the little kitty at last!"

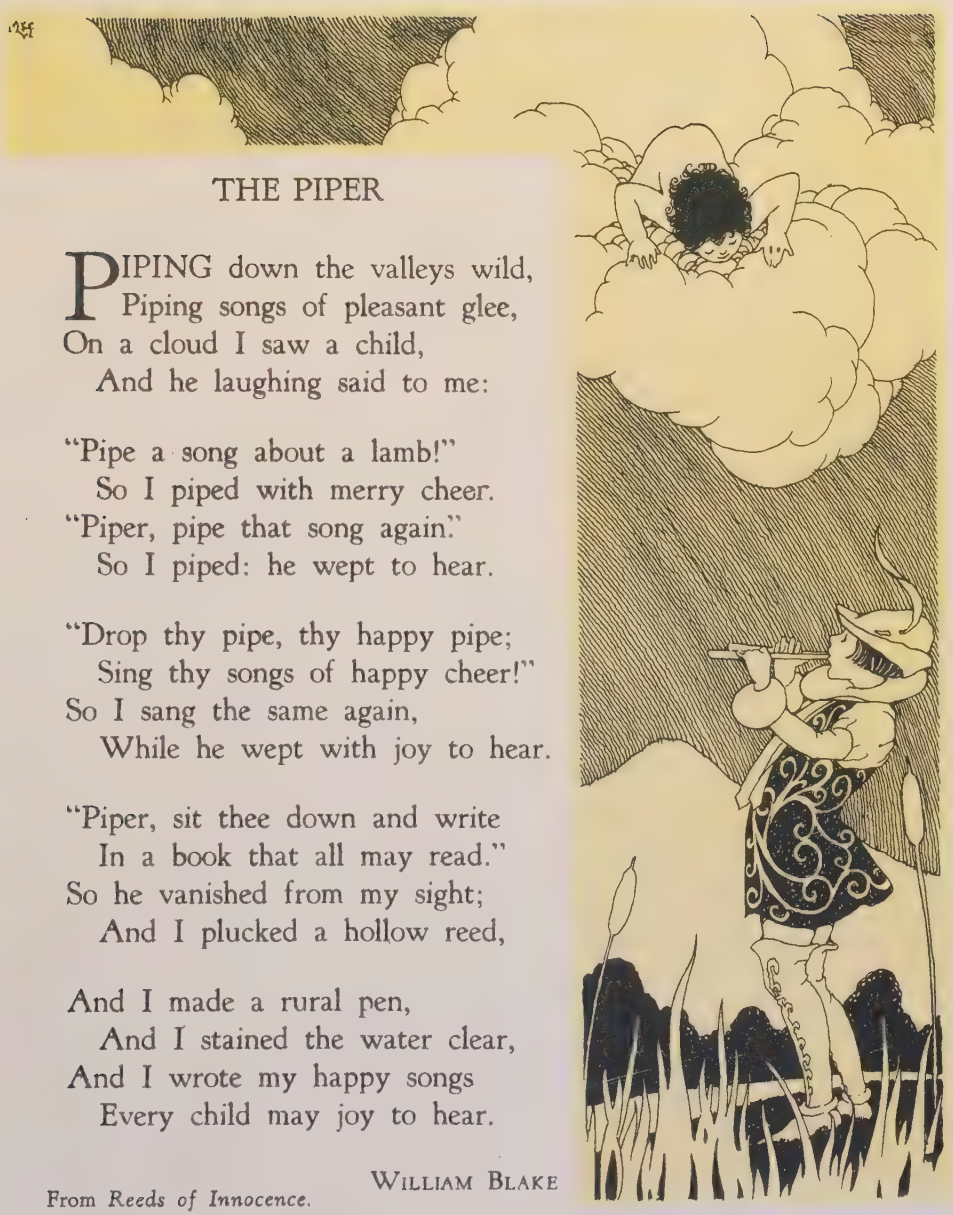
Wise old Rover stretched his paws and yawned.

"See how foolish you have been. Pretty is as pretty does. If love is shining through you, nobody cares whether your nose is white or black Now come, let us take our nap, and do you see that no flies tickle my ears so I may have a good sleep."

THE MIND IS A GARDEN

THE mind is a garden,
And life's sunny morn
Is the season for planting;
The rose and the thorn
Will grow up together;
Then let us beware
That none but the fairest
Of roses grow there.

From *Original Poems for Infant Minds*, published about 1830.



THE PIPER

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a lamb!"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again."
So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!"
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read."
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE

From *Reeds of Innocence.*

NERO AT THE BAKERY

EMILIE POULSSON

"THERE!" said the Baker, as he took the last loaf of bread out of the oven, "That's as handsome a batch of bread as ever was baked. I'll take it right upstairs to the store."

Very soon little Sophie came into the bakery and said, "My mother wants a loaf of fresh bread, please."

"Here it is," said the Baker, "just fresh from the oven. It will keep your hands warm all the way home." So saying he wrapped the bread in a brown paper and handed it to the little girl, who then gave him the money that her mother had given her for it.

From *In the Child's World*, by Emilie Poulsson. Springfield, Mass.: Milton Bradley Co.

As she opened the door to go out, a big dog walked in—a great shaggy fellow with a basket in his mouth. He was all alone, but he evidently knew just what to do. Sophie stopped to look, for she had never known a dog to go to the store before.

"Why, here is Nero! Good dog! Good Nero!" said the Baker. "Have you come for the bread?"

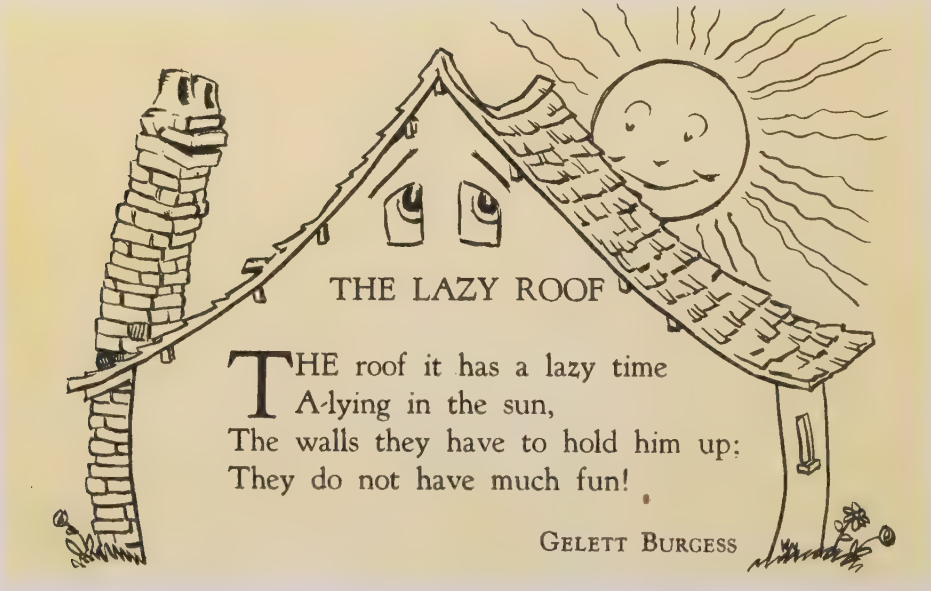
Nero walked to the Baker and held his head up, as if to offer the basket. In the basket was the money for a loaf of bread. The Baker put the money in the money drawer and then waited to see what the dog would do.

Nero looked at him as if surprised, and then gave a sharp "Bow-wow!"

"Well, it is too bad to tease such a good dog as you are—here's your bread," said the Baker, taking down a loaf. He wrapped it in paper and placed it in the basket and the dog wagged his tail with delight. Then, taking his basket again, he stalked out of the door, which Sophie held open, and walked up the street. Sophie's home lay in the same direction, so she walked on behind Nero and saw him walk steadily along and

then cross the street and go into a house where a lady was watching for him.

"Guess what I saw at the bakery!" said Sophie when she reached home. Her mother and father and the children guessed and guessed. Pies, cakes, cookies, rolls, biscuits, doughnuts, buns, gingerbread, gingerbread men, muffins—yes, Sophie had seen all these, but they were not what she meant. At last when all the things usually seen in a bakery had been guessed, Sophie told about the clever dog who had bought a loaf of bread.


THE LAZY ROOF
THE roof it has a lazy time
A-lying in the sun,
The walls they have to hold him up;
They do not have much fun!
GELETT BURGESS

From *The Burgess Nonsense Book*. New York: Boni & Liveright. By permission of the author.

THE ROBIN THAT DID AS HE PLEASED

ABIGAIL BURTON

"I'M GOING to fly," said Robby Robin. "You're pinching me," squeaked Sobby, his sister.

"Look out, can't you? Quit shoving!" cried his brothers, Knobby and Bobby.

For answer Robby Robin fluttered his wings. "I'm going to fly," he repeated.

"You can't," chirped the others in a horrified chorus. "You mustn't. Mother said not."

"Twitter!" said Robby Robin. "Mother's not here. I'll do as I please."

Robby Robin spread his wings. But just what

By permission of the author

happened then he didn't know. The wings would not *stay* spread! Tail over bill he tumbled until—he struck something—bump! and held on tight. And when he opened his eyes he found that he was on *almost* the lowest branch of the tree. And the nest? It was nowhere to be seen. Above was only a sky of leaves.

Robby Robin was terribly frightened. The branch was different from what he had supposed. It was big. It was cold. And there were no cozy places where you could tuck your toes. Oh, how he longed to cuddle down with Sobby and Knobby and Bobby and hide his head!

After a little the bigness and the strangeness did not frighten him so much. He fluttered his wings and he thought, "I'll fly to that branch above me. It isn't far. I'll do as I please."

So he spread his wings. But the wings would not *stay* spread! Tail over bill he tumbled, until—he struck something—bump! and held on tight. And when he opened his eyes he saw that he was on *quite* the lowest branch of the tree.

The branch was put on crooked! Robby Robin

kept slipping away from the comfortable trunk, out where the twigs get all little and you swing fearfully in the wind. And there were no cozy places where you could tuck your toes. Oh, how he longed to cuddle down with Sobby and Knobby and Bobby and hide his head!

After a little the slipping and the strangeness did not frighten him so much. He fluttered his wings and thought, "I'll fly to that grass below me. It isn't far. I'll do as I please."

So he tumbled from the lowest branch. It was a terribly long tumble. Tail over bill he went until—he struck something—bump! and held on tight. And when he opened his eyes all about him was grass, so high about him that he could hardly see.

The grass was different from what he had supposed. Everything was so big and so flat that he felt afraid. And there were no cozy places where you could tuck your toes. Robby Robin shrank into a forlorn little bunch of feathers and wished he hadn't come!

After a little the bigness and the flatness did not frighten him so much. He poked out his bill and

thought, "Grass is where worms grow. I'll pull a few for breakfast. I'll do as I please."

So he hopped boldly along and looked for a worm bush. But there didn't seem to be any growing! He hopped and hopped till at last he saw a worm. But why was the worm wriggling away? Why wasn't he on his bush, waiting to be pulled?

"Perhaps he went away when his mamma wasn't looking," thought Robby Robin.

Robby Robin ran up behind the worm and caught him by the tail. The worm pulled. Robby Robin pulled. The worm pulled harder and got away.

"He's digging," exclaimed Robby Robin.

The worm *was* digging. He was disappearing into the ground as fast as his diggers would go. Robby

Robin caught him about the stomach, for you see he wanted his breakfast. But the worm kept right on disappearing. So Robby Robin opened his beak to take a better pull, when—

Ouch! Goodness! Robby Robin tumbled, beak and all, over *backwards*. And then—

The worm had finished his disappearing!

But Ouch and Goodness again! A great something came creeping over the grass. It was a something with a furry body and fearfully waving tail. Something all eyes!

Robby Robin couldn't fly and he couldn't run and he couldn't hop. If he sat still that Cat Creature would get him. She wanted *her* breakfast, it seemed. And there was no chance for Robby Robin to disappear into the ground.

Oh, how he wished he were a worm!

"Robby Robin!"

It was his mother who spoke. She was in a thorn bush beside him. "Fly into this bush," said his mother. "Pick up your wings!"

Robby Robin knew first that he could not fly. But he knew second that he could not disobey his mother. And the *third* thing that he knew—he was in the bush with his mother pushing him to safety and with a furious, furry Cat Creature clawing outside. But it was thorns that she clawed—not her breakfast. The breakfast was quite in earnest about that, and so was the breakfast's mother!

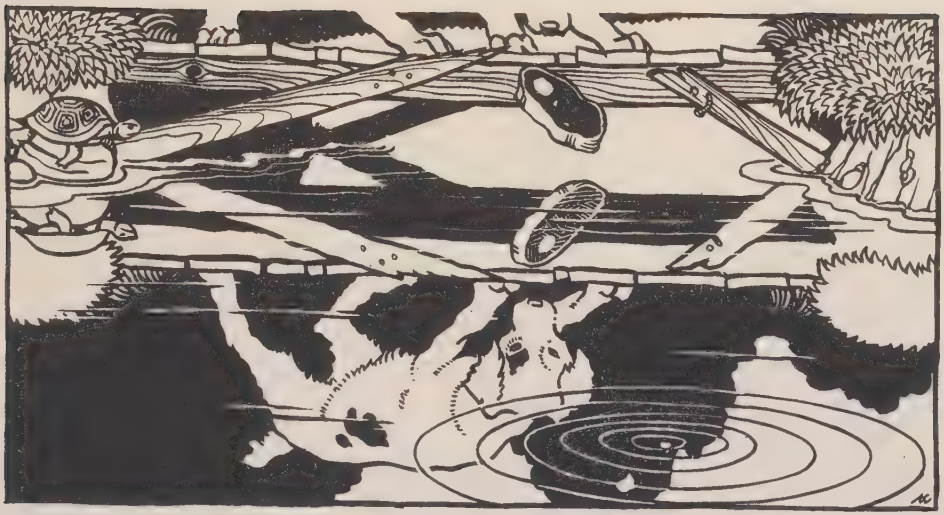
"I'll do as *you* please, Mother," said Robby Robin.

THE ROBIN

WHEN father takes his spade to dig,
  Then Robin comes along.
He sits upon a little twig,
  And sings a little song.

Or, if the trees are rather far,
  He does not stay alone,
But comes up close to where we are,
  And bobs upon a stone.

LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA



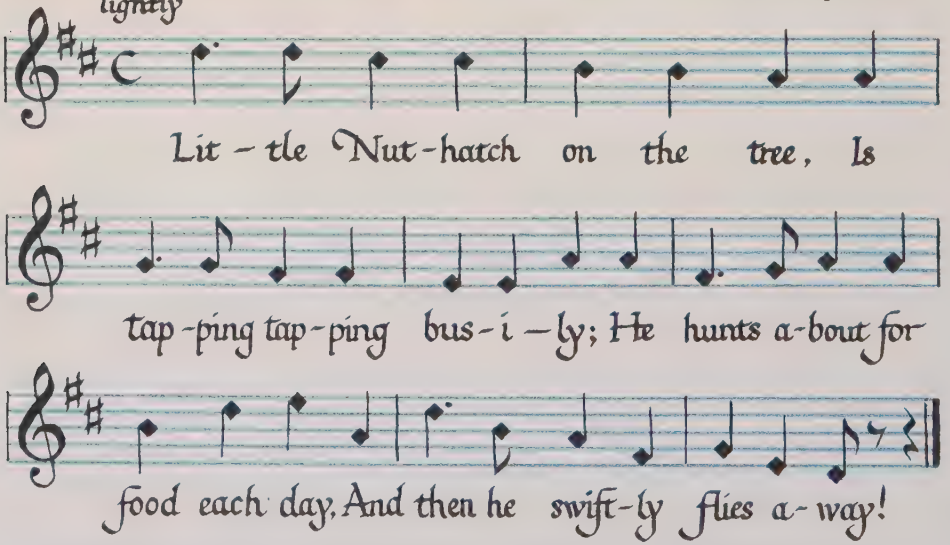
THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW

Aesop

A DOG was carrying a piece of meat over a bridge above a little stream. As he crossed, he looked down and saw his own shadow in the water. Being a greedy dog and thinking what he saw was another dog with another piece of meat, he wanted both pieces of meat. So he made a snap at the shadow in the water, but as he opened his mouth the piece of meat he was carrying fell out and dropped into the stream. So the dog lost what he had, and, what is more, he gained nothing by his greediness.

THE NUTHATCH

B.M.S. Beatrice Macgowan Scott


lightly
Lit - tle Nut - hatch on the tree, Is
tap - ping tap - ping bus - i - ly; He hunts a - bout for
food each day, And then he swift - ly flies a - way!

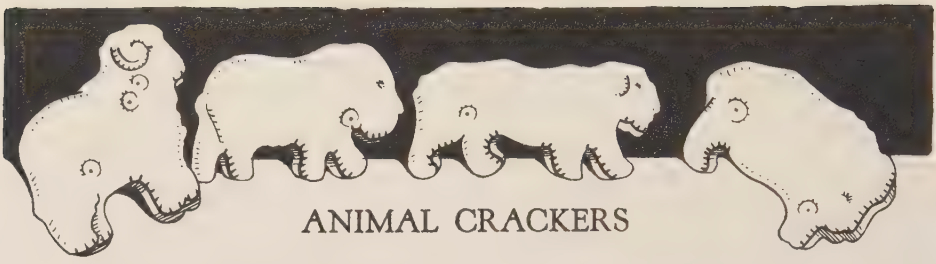
From Book II, *Universal School Music Series*. Copyright Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, Inc., New York.

RAIN

THE rain is raining everywhere,
Kittens to shelter fly —
But Human Folk wear overshoes,
To keep their hind paws dry.

OLIVER HERFORD

From *The Kitten's Garden of Verses.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

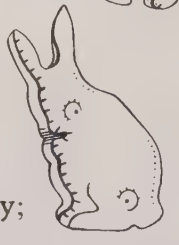


ANIMAL CRACKERS

ANIMAL CRACKERS, and cocoa to drink,
That is the finest of suppers, I think;
When I'm grown up and can have what I please
I think I shall always insist upon these.

What do *you* choose when you're offered a treat?
When Mother says, "What would you like best to eat?"
Is it waffles and syrup, or cinnamon toast?
It's cocoa and animals that *I* love the most!

The kitchen's the cosiest place that I know:
The kettle is singing, the stove is aglow,
And there in the twilight, how jolly to see
The cocoa and animals waiting for me.



Daddy and Mother dine later in state,
With Mary to cook for them, Susan to wait;
But they don't have nearly as much fun as I
Who eat in the kitchen with Nurse standing by;
And Daddy once said he would like to be me
Having cocoa and animals once more for tea!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

From *Songs for a Little House*, by Christopher Morley. By permission of the author, and the publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York.

THE PANCAKE WHO RAN AWAY

Norse Folk Tale

ONCE upon a time there was a mother who had seven hungry children; so she made a pancake for them of sweet milk and fine flour.

"I am so hungry, mother darling," said one child. "Give me some of the pancake."

The second child echoed the first, and all the others took it up, until the mother put her hands over her ears to shut out the noise.

"Hush, hush!" said the mother. "You shall all have some as soon as it is brown on both sides."

Now the pancake was listening and it did not want to be eaten. So as soon as it was a lovely brown on both sides, out it hopped from the pan and rolled off like a hoop through the door and down the hill.

"Stop, pancake!" called the mother, and away she ran after it as fast as she could, with all the children

behind her. But the pancake rolled on and on.

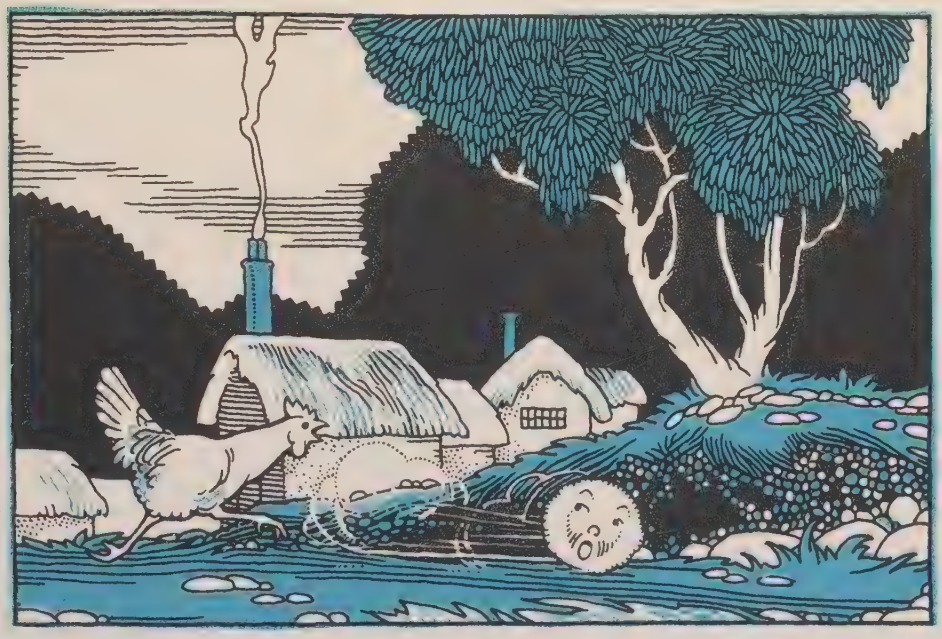
When it had rolled a long way it met a man.

"Good-day, pancake," said the man.

"Good-day, Manny-Panny!" said the pancake.

"Dear pancake," said the man, "don't roll so fast. Stop and let me eat you."

"No, no!" said the pancake. "I have run away from the mother and seven hungry children and I'll run away from you, Manny-Panny." It rolled and rolled till it met a hen bustling down the highroad.



"Good-day, pancake," said the hen.

"The same to you, Henny-Penny," said the pancake.

"Pancake, dear," said the hen, "don't roll so fast. Stop and let me eat you."

"No, no!" said the pancake. "I have run away from the mother and seven hungry children, and Manny-Panny. I'll run away from you, too, Henny-Penny." And it rolled on. Soon it met a cock.

"Good-day, pancake," said the cock.

"The same to you, Cocky-Locky," said the pancake.

"Pancake, dear," said the cock, "don't roll so fast. Stop and let me eat you."

"No, no!" said the pancake. "I have run away from the mother and seven hungry children, Manny-Panny, and Henny-Penny. I'll run away from you, too, Cocky-Locky." And it rolled and rolled as fast as it could. By and by it met a duck.

"Good-day, pancake," said the duck.

"The same to you, Ducky-Lucky."

"Pancake, dear," said the duck, "don't roll away so fast. Stop and let me eat you."

"No, no!" said the pancake. "I have run away from the mother and seven hungry children, Manny-Panny, Henny-Penny, and Cocky-Locky. I'll run away from you, too, Ducky-Lucky." And it rolled along faster than ever. When it had rolled a long, long while, it met a goose.

"Good-day, pancake," said the goose.

"The same to you, Goosey-Poosey."

"Pancake, dear," said the goose, "don't roll so fast. Stop and let me eat you."

"No, no!" said the pancake. "I have run away from

the mother and seven hungry children, Manny-Panny, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, and Ducky-Lucky. I'll run away from you, too, Goosey-Poosey," and it did.

When it had rolled a long, long time it met a pig at the edge of a dark wood.

"Good-day, pancake," said the pig.

"The same to you, Piggy-Wiggy," said the pancake, and it began to roll for its very life.

"Nay, nay," said the pig. "Why be in such a hurry? We two can go through the wood together and be company for each other. They say it is not safe in there."

The pancake thought that was a good idea, so they went along, and they went along until they came to a brook. Piggy was so fat he could swim across but the poor pancake had no way of crossing the water.

"Jump up on my snout," said the pig, "and I'll carry you over."

So the pancake did that.

"Oink!" said the pig contentedly, throwing back his head and opening his mouth wide. And the little pancake rolled down, and piggy swallowed it at one gulp.

IN THE HEART OF A SEED

IN THE heart of a seed,
Buried deep, so deep
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep.

"Wake," said the sunshine,
"And creep to the light."
"Wake," said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard;
And it rose to see
What the wonderful
Outside world might be.

KATE LOUISE BROWN

DREAM-FAIRY-DEAR

ANNA WILLIAMS ARNETT

A Go-To-Sleep Story for Wide-Awake Children

ONE evening just as the sun was saying "Good-night" the beautiful moon came riding through the sky.

Dream-Fairy-Dear, who lives in the moon, stepped into her airship made of a fleecy, misty white cloud, and started sailing downward toward the earth.

By permission of the author

By and by she came to the home of little Papoose. He was swinging in his little birchwood and deerskin cradle under a pine tree.

Little Papoose saw Dream-Fairy-Dear in her beautiful white airship, and said, "Dream-Fairy-Dear, where are you going in your beautiful white airship?"

And Dream-Fairy-Dear whispered, "I am going to the Land of Dreams where birds sing at night, where butterflies can talk, where babies ride ponies, and chase the wild deer."

Then Little Papoose said, "Please, Dream-Fairy-Dear, take me with you in your beautiful white airship. I want to hear the birds sing at night and the butterflies talk, and ride a pony, and chase the wild deer."

Dream-Fairy-Dear smiled a sweet smile and said, "You may go with me, Little Papoose, if you will shut your eyes."

So Little Papoose shut his eyes.

Then Dream-Fairy-Dear lifted Little Papoose up and

up into her airship, and on and on they sailed while Dream-Fairy-Dear sang a song of the wind.

By and by they came to the home of Little Brown Boy. He was playing in the sand by the sea.

Little Brown Boy saw Dream-Fairy-Dear in her beautiful white airship and said, "Dream-Fairy-Dear, where are you going in your beautiful white airship?"

And Dream-Fairy-Dear whispered, "I am going to the Land of Dreams where tigers are kittens, and crocodiles have no teeth, and little boys ride on the elephant's trunk."

Then Little Brown Boy said, "Please, Dream-Fairy-Dear, take me with you in your beautiful white airship. I want to play with a tiger kitten, and a crocodile without teeth, and ride on the elephant's trunk."

Dream-Fairy-Dear smiled a sweet smile and said, "You may go with me, Little Brown Boy, if you will shut your eyes."

So Little Brown Boy shut his eyes.

Then Dream-Fairy-Dear lifted Little Brown Boy up and up into her airship, and on and on they sailed while Dream-Fairy-Dear sang a song of the wind.

By and by they came to the home of Little Blue Eyes She was standing by a window playing with her doll.

Little Blue Eyes saw Dream-Fairy-Dear in her beautiful white airship and said, "Dream-Fairy-Dear, where are you going in your beautiful white airship?"

And Dream-Fairy-Dear whispered, "I am going to the Land of Dreams where dolls never break, toys grow out of the ground, and caramels and fudge grow on trees."

Then Little Blue Eyes said, "Please, Dream-Fairy-Dear, take me with you in your beautiful white airship. I want a doll that will never break, some toys that grow out of the ground, and I want to pick caramels and fudge from the trees."

Dream-Fairy-Dear smiled a sweet smile and said, "You may go with us, Little Blue Eyes, if you will shut your eyes."

So Little Blue Eyes shut her eyes. Then Dream-

Fairy-Dear lifted Little Blue Eyes up and up into her airship, and on and on they sailed while Dream-Fairy-Dear sang a song of the wind.

By and by they came to the Land of Dreams.

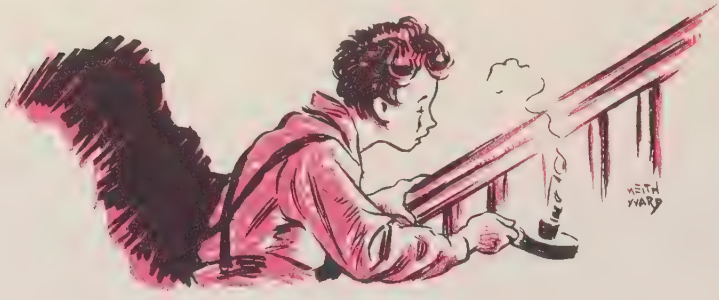
Little Papoose heard the birds sing all night; heard the butterfly talk, and rode all around on a pony, and chased the wild deer.

Little Brown Boy played with a tiger kitten, a crocodile without teeth, and rode on the elephant's trunk just as the fairy had said he might do.

Little Blue Eyes found a doll that will never break, some toys growing out of the ground, and picked caramels and fudge from the trees.

So they stayed and stayed and played and played in the Land of Dreams

ALL NIGHT LONG.



TIRED TIM

POOR tired Tim! It's sad for him.
He lags the long bright morning through,
Ever so tired of nothing to do;
He moons and he mopes the livelong day,
Nothing to think about, nothing to say;
Up to bed with his candle to creep,
Too tired to yawn, too tired to sleep:
Poor tired Tim! It's sad for him.

WALTER DE LA MARE

From *Peacock Pie*, by Walter de la Mare. By permission of Henry Holt and Company, publishers, New York.

THE FIDDLER

Allegretto

G. A. GRANT-SCHAEFER

My fid-dle and I have come to stay,
My fid-dle and I will charm the trees,
My fid-dle and I will charm the cats,
We'll sing you a song so brave and gay.
They'll pick up their trunks and fly if you please.
They'll curl up their tails and waltz with the rats.
We'll fiddle and fiddle and fiddle and
fiddle and fiddle and fiddle and fiddle away.

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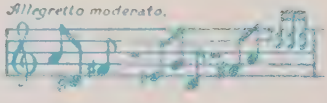
THE SONG OF THE THRUSH

THERE'S a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree;
"He's singing to me! He's singing to me!"
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree
I'm as happy as happy can be!"



And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,
And five eggs hid by me in the big cherry tree?
Don't meddle! Don't touch! Little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! Now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

LUCY LARCOM

THE STONE BABY

L. J. Bridgman

THE stone baby was lonesome. He had looked forth over the city from his little round window on the side of the great building where the architect said he must forever stay, and had seen the homes of the other little ones.

Then he said to himself: "When it was summer I could see the children at their windows and in the street, but now they keep well inside. From here I cannot see the big boys and the girls skate and coast, even. It is very lonely now cold weather has come.

By permission of *The Youth's Companion*.

"I'd like to see the green grass in the square and the boys sailing boats on the pond.

"Dear me, I believe it's snowing. I don't mind a cold nose and snow-powdered hair, but I can't see even the children's houses if it gets very thick."

Just then there was a "chirp, chirp" in the air, and something flew right under the stone baby's chin. It was a little sparrow coming for refuge from the storm. "Chirp, chirp," and another came, and another.

"Thank you, baby, for a little corner from the storm," said the sparrows.

"Oh, you're very welcome," said the stone child.

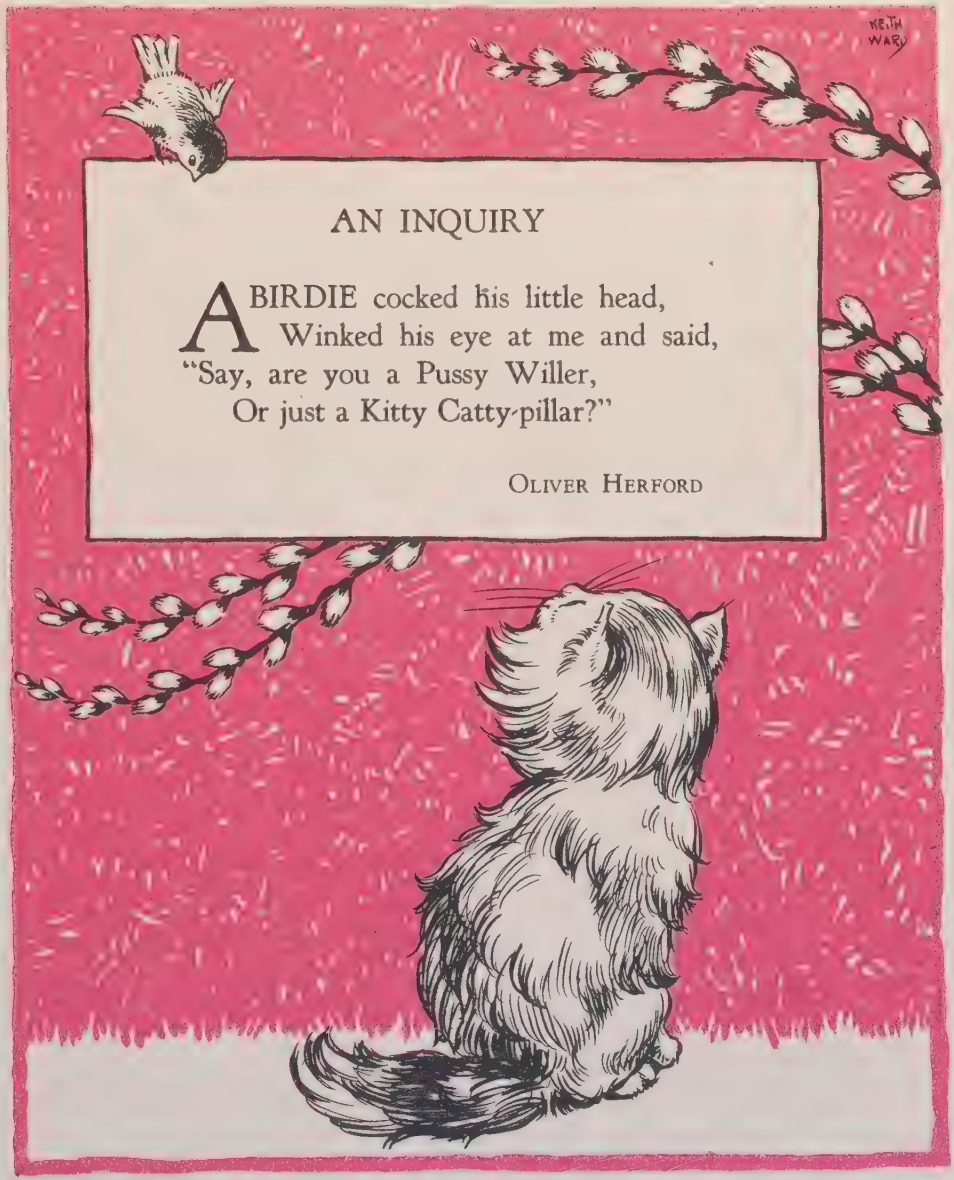
They nestled closer and closer.

"Isn't it pleasant to be of some use in the world," said the stone baby.

O WIND, why do you never rest,
Wandering, whistling to and fro,
Bringing rain out of the west,
From the dim north bringing snow?

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

From *Sing-Song*, by Christina G. Rossetti. Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers, New York.

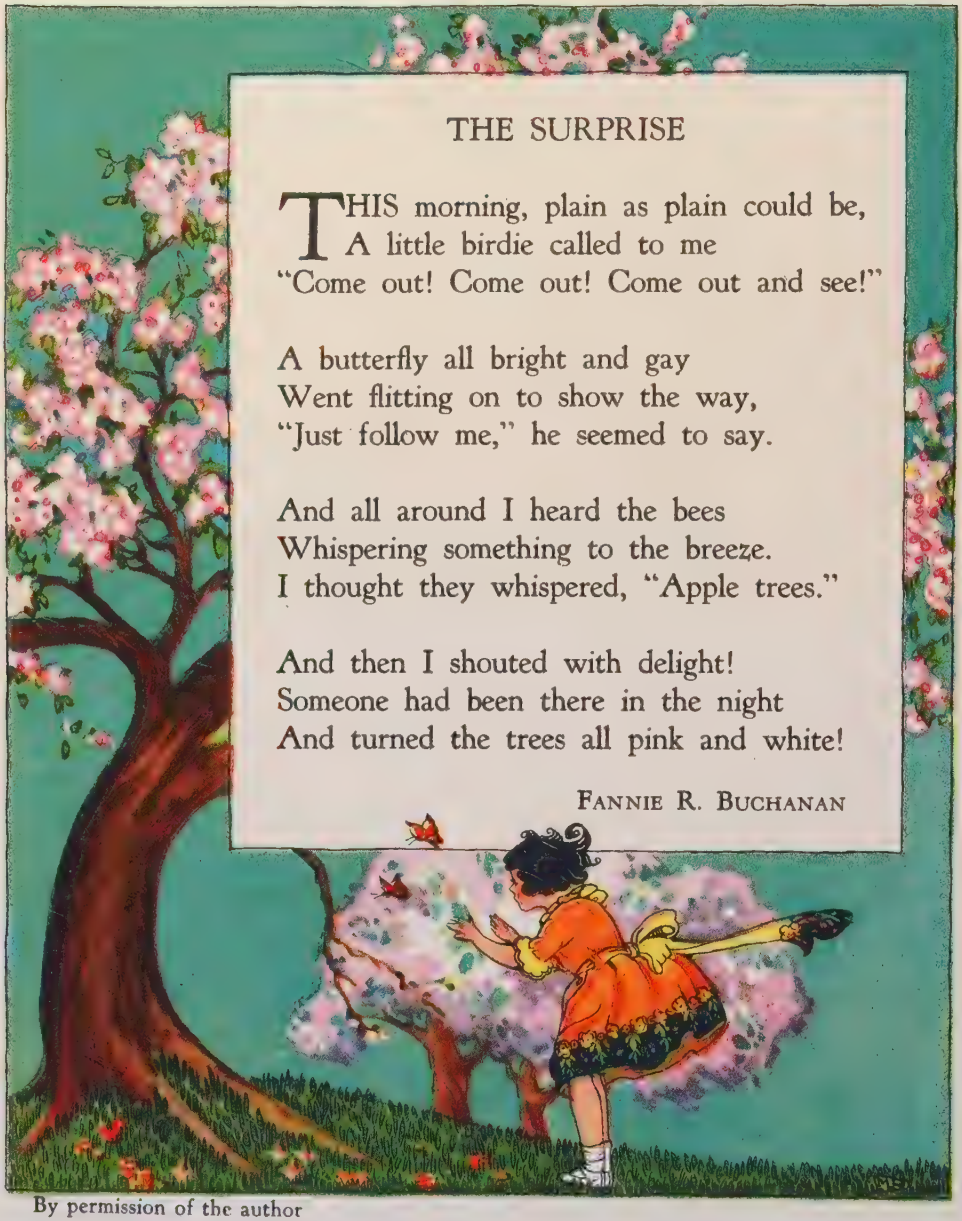


AN INQUIRY

A BIRDIE cocked his little head,
Winked his eye at me and said,
"Say, are you a Pussy Willer,
Or just a Kitty Catty-pillar?"

OLIVER HERFORD

From *The Kitten's Garden of Verses.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



THE SURPRISE

THIS morning, plain as plain could be,
A little birdie called to me
"Come out! Come out! Come out and see!"

A butterfly all bright and gay
Went flitting on to show the way,
"Just follow me," he seemed to say.

And all around I heard the bees
Whispering something to the breeze.
I thought they whispered, "Apple trees."

And then I shouted with delight!
Someone had been there in the night
And turned the trees all pink and white!

FANNIE R. BUCHANAN

By permission of the author

THE MILKMAID AND HER PAIL

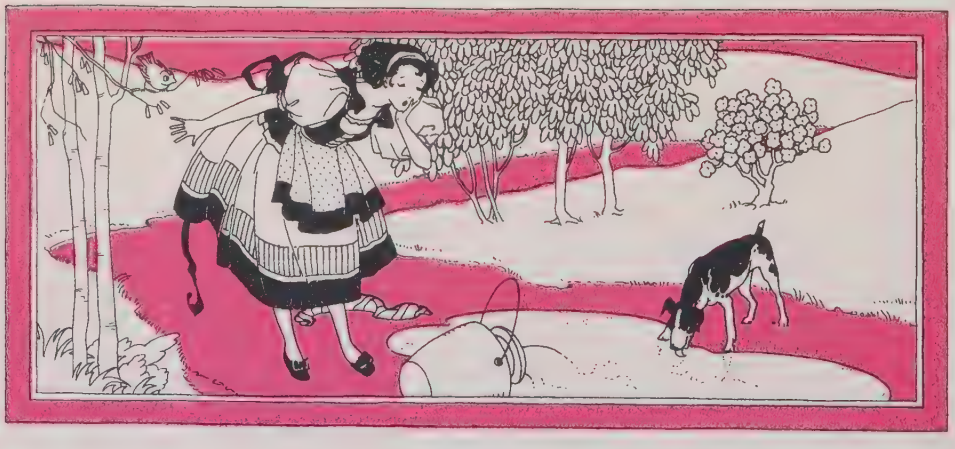
Aesop

A MILKMAID was walking along a country road to market. On her head she carried a pail of milk which she was planning to sell at the market. As she went along she began to think of what she would do with the money she hoped to get for the milk.

"I'll buy some nice fat hens," thought she, "and they will lay eggs each morning, which I will sell

each week at market. I should have at least three dozen eggs a week. With the money from the sale of the eggs I'll soon have enough to buy myself a new dress and a hat to match. Shall I get pink or blue? No, I think I'd like a green dress best. And then when I go to the big fair all the young men will come and ask me to dance with them! But will I have them? No, I'll just look at them and toss my head—like this!"

The girl tossed her head, and the pail fell off, spilling all the milk on the ground. Sadly she went home and told her mother how all her gay plans had been ruined. Her mother said wisely, "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched, my child."



THE POSTMAN

YOU must, I think, be very strong
To be a postman all day long;
For tho' it snows, or rains, or sleets
He still goes walking through the streets.

I'm sometimes there when he unlocks
And empties out the letter-box;
And if I keep my letter back
He lets me drop it in his sack.

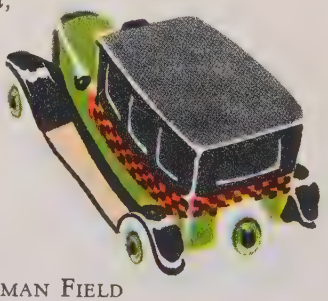
ROSE FYLEMAN

From *Fairies and Friends*, by Rose Fyleman. Copyright 1926. New York: George H. Doran Company, publishers.

TAXIS

HO, for taxis green or blue,
Hi, for taxis red,
They roll along the Avenue
Like spools of colored thread!

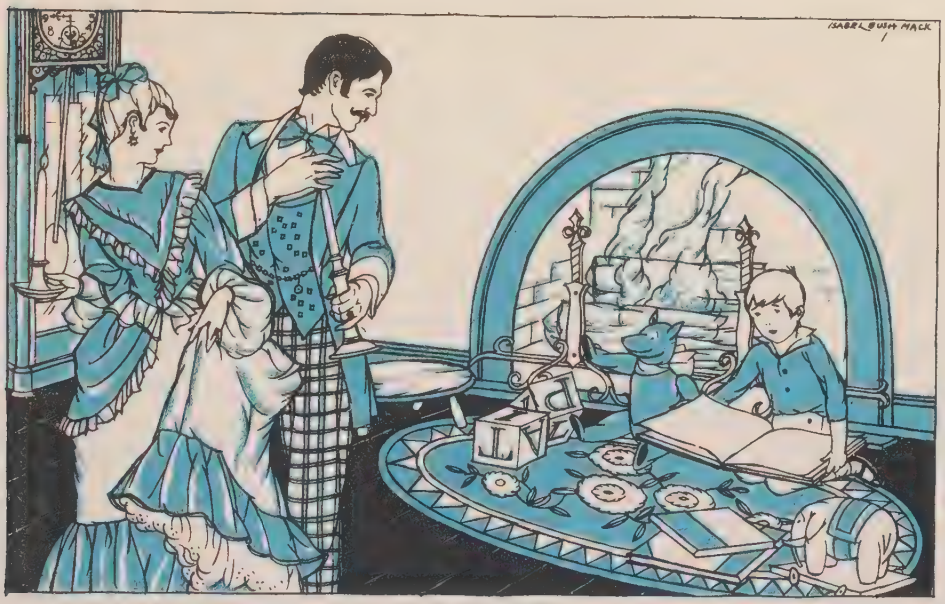
Jack-o'-Lantern yellow,
Orange as the moon,
Greener than the greenest grass
Ever grew in June.
Gayly striped or checked in squares,
Wheels that twinkle bright,
Don't you think that taxis make
A very pleasant sight?
Taxis shiny in the rain,
Scudding through the snow,
Taxis flashing back the sun,
Waiting in a row.



Ho, for taxis red and green,
Hi, for taxis blue,
I wouldn't be a private car
In sober black, would you?

RACHEL LYMAN FIELD

From *Taxis and Toadstools*, by Rachel Lyman Field. Copyright, Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York.



THE LITTLE WHITE BED THAT RAN AWAY

PATTEN BEARD

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy who didn't like to go to bed. When it came time to say good night and go upstairs, he wanted to stay where the fire crackled on the hearth and where the lamp was lit. He wanted to stay with Mother and Daddy and Jim Teddy-Bear. He wanted to look at picture books. He wanted to play games.

From *Tucked-in Tales*, by Patten Beard. By permission of Rand McNally & Company, publishers, Chicago.

"I don't want to go to bed at all," he said, and he said it very loud. "I don't like my bed," he added, and he added it very loud, very loud. "I wish I didn't have any bed," he howled, and he howled very loud indeed, very loud indeed.

Oh, dear! Upstairs in Little Boy's bedroom the Little White Bed heard—yes, it did. *It heard!* It was waiting all warm and cozy, with its cover tucked back to welcome Little Boy. Its pillow was all full of dream stories it was going to tell Little Boy when he dropped off to sleep, and it was waiting, waiting for Little Boy.

When Little Boy howled what he did, Little White Bed heard and it felt very bad. It decided to go away —yes, it did!

Little White Bed rolled out of its corner and it rolled out of the door of Little Boy's room. It rolled down the hall upon its castors and it rolled along until it came to the front stairs. Then Little White Bed started down the front hall stairway. Plump-bumpety-bump-bump-bump.

Down the stairs went Little White Bed; plump-bumpety-bump-bump-bump-bump went Little White Bed, and

it rolled across the front hall, squeak-creak, and *out of the front door!* Yes, it did!

Then Little White Bed was gone, gone—gone!

Little Boy looked at Mother. Mother looked sober and serious.

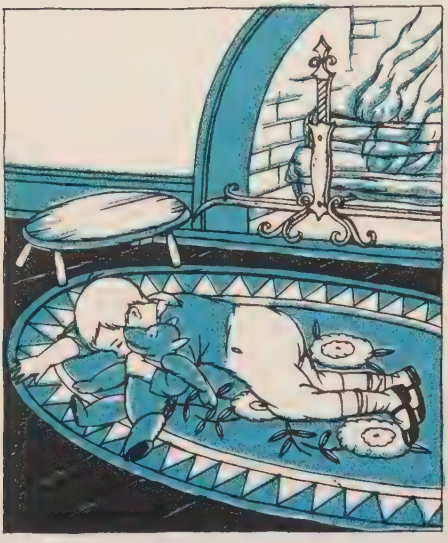
Little Boy looked at Daddy. Daddy looked sober and serious, too.

"It's a pity, Little Boy," they said. "You will have no Little White Bed to sleep in tonight."

Well, to tell the truth, Little Boy was pleased. He felt glad—yes, he did! He felt *glad.*

He looked at picture books. He played with Jim Teddy-Bear, and he was going to play a game when Daddy yawned and rose from his big, comfortable easy-chair and said, "Little Boy, good night. It is late and we must go upstairs. Of course, you won't mind if we put out the light." And Daddy and Mother went upstairs and left Little Boy sitting beside the fire, for he had no Little White Bed any more.

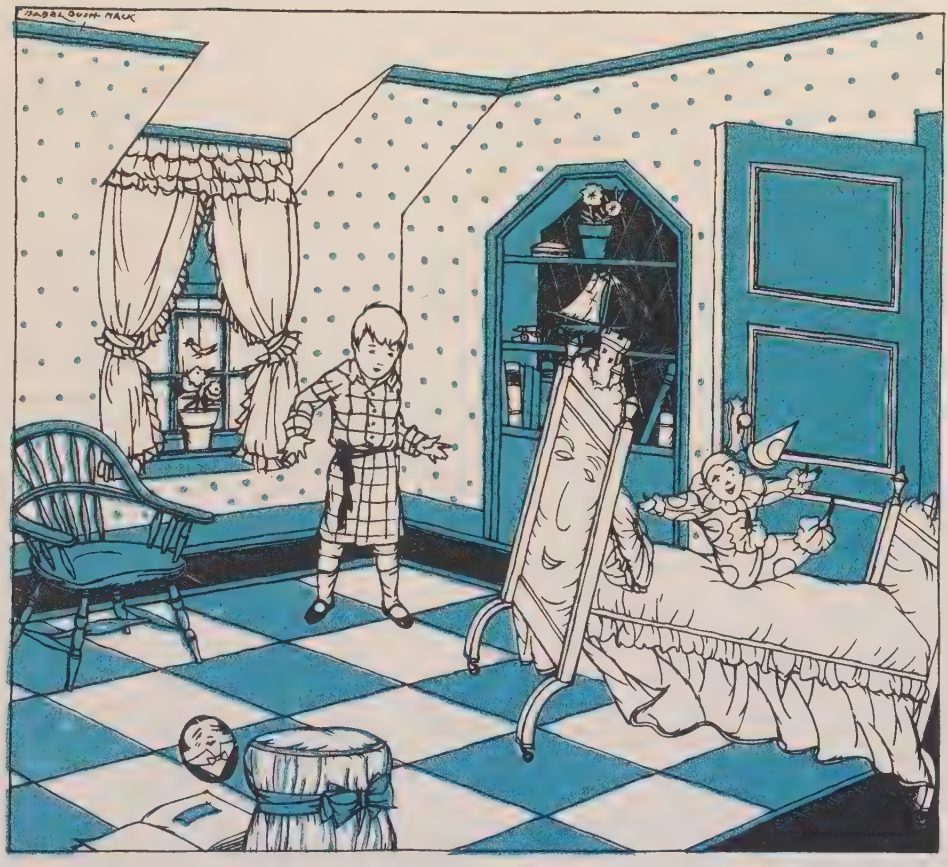
After they had gone, Little Boy began to feel sleepy all of a sudden. Little Boy felt very tired and very sleepy, very sleepy. What was he to do?



Little Boy's head went flop down upon the rug by the fire. It was warm there on the rug, so Little Boy didn't mind as much as if it had been cold. Soon he was fast asleep.

But, after he had been fast asleep for some time, he woke suddenly. The fire had died down and gone out. Little Boy was cold. Little Boy's arms and legs were stiff and chilly. Little Boy's head wanted a pillow, and there was no Little White Bed into which he could curl up snug and be happy. There was no warm blanket, and no soft mattress. Little White Bed had run away and taken everything with it! Oh, dear!

Little Boy picked himself up off the rug and trotted slowly upstairs in the dark to his room. There was a big vacant place where Little White Bed had stood once upon a time. Now there was no Little White Bed and nowhere to go to sleep but on the floor.



So Little Boy said, "Oh, I wish my Little White Bed had not run away. I wish I had not said what I did. I wish my dear Little White Bed would come back and take me in its lap and let me put my head on its pillow and go to sleep nice and cozy and warm. Oh, I wish I had my nice, nice Little White Bed!"

He put on his new woolly dressing coat and took a rug and tried to go to sleep on the floor. But every little while he had to jump up and look out of the window to see if he could see his Little White Bed out there in the street. He thought, maybe, he could call to it and tell it he was sorry and perhaps then it might come back.

But when he had gone back to the rug on the floor, he thought he heard a noise at the front door. His heart went pitapat and he listened. Oh, Little Boy did so hope it might be Little White Bed coming home again! He did!

Well, evidently Little White Bed knew that Little White Bed was wanted by Little Boy. The front door opened, and in walked Little White Bed—creak-squeak-creak! Little White Bed rolled on all its castors across the front hall. Little White Bed came up the hall stairs thump-bumpety-bump-bumpety-bump-bump-bump!

Little Boy *heard!* Thump-bumpety-bump-bump-bump! Yes, Little White Bed came into Little Boy's room and went right into the corner where it had always stood. It rolled back its nice warm blanket for Little Boy, and

I tell you it wasn't but a jiffy before Little Boy's head was upon the soft pillow of the Little White Bed and he was warm and comfortable and contented and happy. And it wasn't long before he had gone fast asleep and was dreaming some of the fairy stories that Little White Bed's pillow held for him.

Oh, after this, Little Boy always went to bed on the dot as soon as the clock struck eight. He kissed Mother, and he kissed Daddy, and he said good night to Jim Teddy-Bear right away. He went right upstairs to his Little White Bed as fast as he could go whenever sleep-time came around, and he never wanted to sit up all night long again.

HIPPITY-HOP TO BED

OH, it's hippity-hop to bed!
I'd rather sit up instead.
But when father says "must,"
There's nothing but just
Go hippity-hop to bed.

LEROY JACKSON

From *The Peter Patter Book*, by Leroy Jackson. By permission of Rand McNally & Company, publishers, Chicago.

THE SLEEPY SONG

AS SOON as the fire burns red and low
And the house upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft;
Their colors are gray and white;
They follow their leader, nose and tail,
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over, and one comes next,
And one runs after behind;
The gray one's nose at the white one's tail,
The top of the hill they find.

And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep.

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM BACON

From *Poems*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

WHO ATE THE DOLLY'S DINNER?

ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

"WHY can't dollies have a Thanksgiving dinner as well as real folks?" asked Polly Pine.

"I don't know why," said mamma, laughing. "Go and dress them in their best clothes, get the dolls' house swept and dusted and the table ready. Then I'll fix their dinner before we go downstairs."

"Oh, how nice!" said Polly Pine. "I'll go at once."

By permission of *Good Housekeeping*.

The doll house stood in the nursery. It was very big and very beautiful. It was painted red. It had tall chimneys, and a fine front door with R. Bliss on a brass plate. There were lace curtains at the windows, and two steps led up to the cunning little piazza. Polly Pine swept the rooms with her tiny broom and dusted them. Then she set the table in the dining-room with the very best dishes and the finest silver. She set a teeny vase in the middle of the table, with two violets in it, and she put dolly table-napkins at each place.

When the house was all nice and clean, she dressed Lavinia in her pink muslin, and Dora Jane in her gray velvet, and Hannah Welch in her yellow silk; then she seated them around the table, each one in her own chair. Polly was just telling them about company manners, how they must not eat with their knives or leave their teaspoons in their cups when they drank their tea, when the door opened and in came mamma with a real dolls' Thanksgiving dinner.

There was a chicken-bone to put on the platter before Hannah Welch, for Hannah always did the carving. There were cunning little dishes of mashed potato and

cranberry sauce, and some celery in a tiny tumbler, and the smallest squash pie baked in a patty pan. Polly Pine just hopped up and down with delight when she saw it. She set everything on the table; then she ran away to put on her nicest muslin frock with the pink ribbons, and she went downstairs to her own dinner.

There were gentlemen there for dinner—gentlemen Polly was very fond of—and she had a nice time visiting with one of them. He could change his table-napkin into a white rabbit, and she forgot all about the dolls' Thanksgiving dinner until it was dessert-time and the nuts and raisins came in.

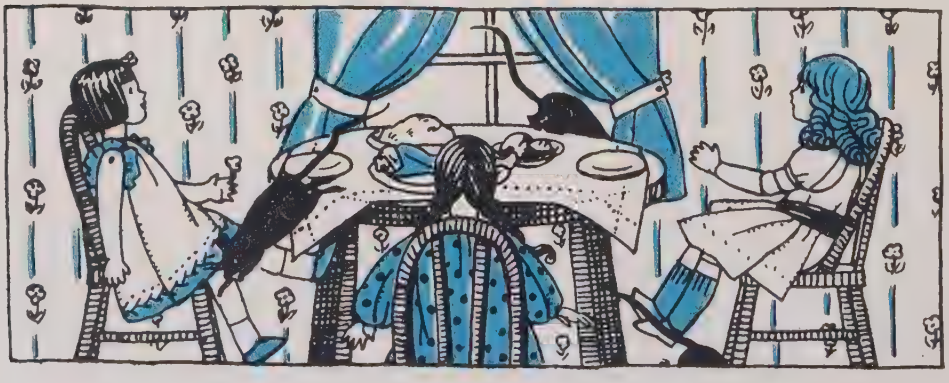
Then Polly remembered, and she jumped down from her chair, and asked mamma if she might go upstairs and see if the dolls had eaten their dinner. When mamma told about the doll-house Thanksgiving, all the family wanted to go, too, to find out if the dolls had enjoyed their dinner.

The front door of the doll house was open, and there sat the dolls just as their little mistress had left them —only they had eaten nearly all the dinner! Everything was gone except the potato and the cranberry

sauce. The chicken leg was picked bare, the bread was nibbled, and the little pie was eaten all around.

"Well, this is funny," said papa.

Just then they heard a funny, scratching noise in the doll house, and a little gray mouse jumped out from under the table. He ran out the front door of the doll house, and over the piazza, and down the steps before you could say "Jack Robinson." In a minute he was gone—nobody knew where. There was another tiny mouse in the doll house under the parlor sofa, and a third one under Lavinia's bed, with a poor, frightened gray tail sticking out. They all got away safe. Papa would not allow mamma to go for the cat. He said, "Why can't a poor little mouse have a Thanksgiving dinner as well as we?" And so it had it.



LITTLE MILK, LITTLE CEREAL AND GRAY KITTEN, MOORKA

MAMIN-SIBERIAK

IT WAS wonderful. It was wonderful that it happened every day. As soon as Cook placed the pot of milk and the earthenware oatmeal pan upon the stove, it would all begin. At first, there was silence; then conversation.

"I am Little Milk."

"And I am Little Cereal."

By permission, from *Verotchka's Tales*. Copyright by E. P. Dutton & Company, New York.

At first, conversation was carried on in whispers. But gradually both Little Cereal and Little Milk would grow more and more excited.

"*I am Little Milk!*"

"*And I am Little Cereal!*"

The cereal was generally covered with an earthenware cover and she grumbled away in her pot like an old woman. When she grew angry, there came to the top a bubble that burst and said:

"Still, I am Little Cereal. Puff!!"

This boasting was offensive to Little Milk.

"My what a wonder! As if one had never seen oatmeal cereal before!" and Little Milk would grow more and more excited until, rising to the top in a foam, she tried to get out from the pot. No sooner would Cook turn her head away than Little Milk would run all over the hot stove.

"Oh, this milk," complained Cook every time it happened. "No sooner do I take my eyes off it than it runs over."

"I can't help my fiery temper," would reply Little Milk, defending herself. "It doesn't make me happy

to be angry and to hear the boastings of Cereal, 'I'm Cereal! I'm Cereal! I'm Cereal!' To see her sitting there in her pan and grumbling makes me angrier and angrier."

It happened sometimes that, in spite of the cover, Little Cereal would escape from her pan and creep along the stove, forever repeating:

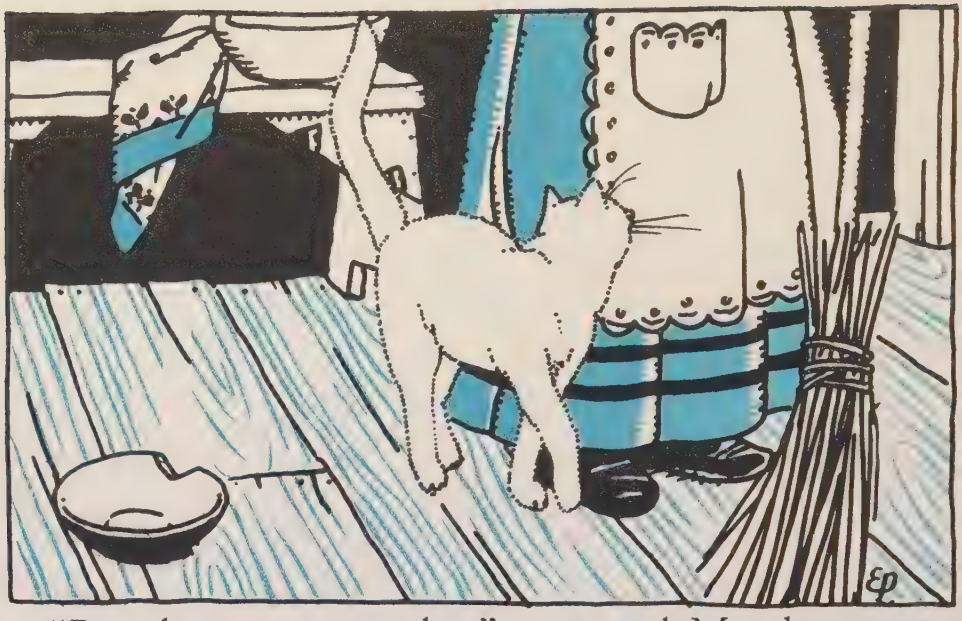
"I'm Cereal! I'm Cereal! I'm Cereal! Z-h-h! Z-h-h! Z-h-h!"

Of course, this did not happen every day, but it did happen, and each time, Cook in despair would say:

"Oh, this Cereal! It is amazing how it will not stay in the pan."

As a rule, Cook was excited. Of course, there were plenty of reasons for her agitation. For instance, there was Kitty Moorka. He was a very beautiful cat and Cook loved him very much. In the morning, Moorka would follow at the Cook's heels and meow so pitifully that it would melt a heart of stone.

"Isn't your belly ever filled?" asked Cook, astonished, chasing the cat. "Just think of all that liver you ate last night. You ought not be hungry now."



"But that was yesterday," answered Moorka, astonished in his turn. "Today, I am hungry again. Meow."

"Why don't you catch mice if you're hungry? Lazy! That's what you are!"

"Talking is very easy. I'd like to see you catch a mouse," Moorka defended himself. "However, I always try hard. Who caught a mouse last week? Who had a scratch the full length of his nose? That's the kind of rat I almost caught. Then she grabbed hold of my nose. It's easy to talk of catching mice. Indeed! You better try it once, yourself."

After eating his liver, Moorka would sit somewhere near the stove where it was warm, close his eyes and doze sweetly.

"I hope you're full, now," said Cook. "Even your eyes are squinting. Well, you lie-on-your-side cat? Always meat, meat, meat!"

"I'm no vegetarian, you know. I can eat meat!" said Moorka, opening just one eye. "You know I like fish too. It is really pleasant to eat fish, and up to this moment I can't say which I like better, liver or fish. Out of politeness, I like both. If I were a man, I'd be either a fishman or the butcher-boy who brings us the liver. I'd feed all the cats from every corner of the earth, and I myself would always have my fill."

After eating, Moorka would grow interested in things going on around him, just by way of amusement. He would sit on the window where the starling's cage hung. It was pleasant to watch the foolish bird, hopping back and forth.

"I know you, you old rascal!" the starling would call to him. "You don't have to be watching me!"

"Perhaps I would like to make your acquaintance," said Moorka.

"Yes, I know how you make friends," said the starling. "Didn't I see you eat a real live baby sparrow? You disgusting brute!"

"I'm not at all disgusting. On the contrary, everybody loves me," said Moorka. "Come to me. I'll tell you a fairy tale."

"Oh, you rascal!" said the starling. "I know what a fine story-teller you are. Haven't I seen you tell stories to a roasted spring chicken stolen from the kitchen? I know you! You're a fine one!"

"Just as you like," said Moorka. "I was thinking only of your pleasure. As for that roasted spring chicken, I did eat him. But anyhow, he wasn't good for anything else."

Every morning, Moorka would sit near the stove and listen patiently to the quarreling of Little Milk and Little Cereal. He could never understand what it was all about, and only blinked his eyes.

"I am Little Milk!"

"I am Little Cereal! Cereal! Cereal!"

"I can't understand a word of it. No, I don't understand it. Why are they angry? If I were to repeat, 'I'm a Cat! I'm a Cat! I'm a Cat!' could any one take offense at it? I can't understand it at all. However, I must confess I prefer Milk, especially when she isn't angry."

When they quarreled, Little Cereal and Little Milk would become so heated, they ran all over the stove. Then there arose a horrible smell. Cook would rush in, wringing her hands, and crying:

"Whatever shall I do now? I can never turn my head away without having something happen."

Setting Milk and Cereal aside, Cook went to market for provisions. Moorka at once made the best of this. He sat down close to Little Milk and said:

"Mistress Milk, please don't be angry."

Little Milk grew calmer as the cat watched her. Moorka walked around the spot several times, fixed his whiskers very gently and said:

"Listen, folks! It isn't nice to quarrel. Choose me for your judge and I'll settle your affairs very quickly."

Little Milk and Little Cereal were very glad to have

someone settle their quarrel at last, for they really did not know why they were quarreling or what it was all about.

"Very well. Very well. I'll unravel this," said Kitty Moorka. "And I'll do it honestly. Let us begin with Milk."

He walked around the pot several times, touched Little Milk gently with his paw, blew upon her again, and started lapping her up.

When Cook returned from market and looked for the milk, the pot was empty. Cat Moorka was sleeping sweetly near the stove as if nothing had happened.

"You good-for-nothing!" scolded the Cook, pulling his ear. "Tell me, who drank the milk?"

It was very painful, but Moorka pretended not to understand anything. He had suddenly become speechless! Then he was thrown out of the kitchen.

Behind the door, he shook himself, smoothed his ruffled fur, curved his tail and said:

"If I were Cook, all the cats would drink milk day and night. However, I am not angry with my Cook, because this is something she can never understand!"

HOMES IN TREES

ANNE GREGORY

THIS is the story of a little boy who lived thousands and thousands of years ago. The world was a very different place in those days from what it is today. Even the mountains, oceans, and rivers were different. Since then at least one continent has sunk under the sea, and much of the surface of the earth has been worn down and carved by great rivers of ice, called glaciers. Nowadays we have vast regions of ice far to the north and the south, but in times past there were years and years when the ice covered much of the country where we now live. These times we know as ice ages. There have been

three ice ages, when most of the world was buried under rivers and oceans of ice.

It was in one of the times between ice ages that little Cush lived. He did not live in a house as you do, because there were no houses in those days. Men had no tools with which to build, such as we have, and as there were many wild animals, people slept in the trees so they would be safe from the huge beasts. Even so, they had to be careful, for many of the animals could climb. The animals were different from those we see in the zoo. There were the mammoths, which were like hairy elephants but much bigger. They had huge tusks, and roamed through the woods, crashing down trees and doing much damage. The horse in those days was a shaggy-coated little wild animal, much smaller than a pony. And his great-great-grandfather had been about as big as a rabbit.

When Cush was a baby, his mother and father made a sort of platform high up in a tree by breaking off small branches and laying them over larger ones until a rough little nest was made in which his mother and he were safe for the night. In the day-

time his mother kept him lying on the ground near her, while she hunted for roots and berries. They ate wild pigs, but these were hard to catch. Meat was eaten raw because they did not know it could be cooked They sometimes saw fire when lightning set dry leaves or wood ablaze, but they did not know how to start a fire. What is more, they did not know how it might be used if they had it, and were rather afraid of the bright shining flames.

When Cush was about two years old and could run about and climb trees, he began to hunt food for himself. But if any danger came he still ran to his mother, for she could climb faster and farther than any little boy could do. Sometimes he was cold and wet and could find no place where he could get dry and warm. He had no clothes, and no bed, and no light to use after dark. It is pleasant to have a comfortable home, with warm rooms, and good lights, with plenty of food that you don't have to hunt for before you can eat. And all these were comforts that Cush did not have. So, perhaps, after all, little Cush did not have as happy a time as you do.

HOMES IN CAVES

ANNE GREGORY

WHEN Cush was a little boy his people lived in the trees to be safe from wild animals, but by the time he was an old man and his great-grandson Kor was a little baby, his people had learned to use fire to keep the wild animals away. Once they had learned this, they were safe to live in caves, so Kor was one of the early Cave Dwellers.

Of course Kor and his parents did not live alone in the cave. Many other people lived there, too. The women had found a piece of dead wood that the lightning had set ablaze, and this they carried to the cave and fed with dry leaves and little sticks until they had a good fire burning. When night came someone stayed awake to feed the fire, so it should

never go out, because it kept the wild animals away. In the daytime the fire was sometimes covered with ashes for a time so there would be heat in the bed of coals to light up again after a little while. But if the fire went out, the people did not know how to light it again until they could find some wood that lightning had set in flames.

Once the fire went out, and all the people were

worried as to how they could keep Sabre-Tooth, the Tiger, out of their cave. They rolled a big stone before the opening at night so nothing could get in. Kor thought he would go in the woods and find a fire-tree but though he hunted and hunted he did not find one. At last he came to a big dead stump that was filled with dry bits of wood, so old that they were almost like powder. He took two pieces of this wood in his hands and began rubbing them together, to see the dead wood fall off in little bits of brown powder. Then, all of a sudden, he found the pieces of wood growing warm! Wondering, he rubbed them harder and faster than ever, and soon they were quite hot. Much excited, he ran to the cave, rubbing his bits of wood together as he went, and by the time he reached there the sticks were glowing. Kor put them down and began to fan them gently and put a few dry leaves on them; soon he had a fire started. When the rest of the people came back to the cave from the daily hunt for food, they were greatly surprised and pleased to see the fire.

Cush, who was a very old man and the head of the family, asked all about it, and Kor was a proud boy, to be looked on as important by the grown men. They fed the fire all night long but the next morning Kor led the men to the tree where he had found the wood that made the new fire. Soon all the men learned how to make a new fire. How happy they were! And how they praised little Kor!

The women had learned to make clay bowls and dishes and to bake these hard in the fire, and the men made knives of bone; they trapped animals by digging holes and covering them with branches. Then they used their furs to make warm coverings when cold weather came. Kor's mother made a needle of bone and used the sinews, or muscles, of the animals in place of thread, and in that way a number of skins were sewed together.

When Kor found the fire-tree, the greatest hunter in the cave gave him a tiger skin as a present, and then Kor's mother cut it and sewed it into a long, straight piece that Kor could wrap around him. How proud he was of this tiger skin!

But one day, not long after, Kor did a careless thing. He was given a big piece of bear meat to carry to the cave. Just as he reached the entrance some of the other boys called him to come out and see a wonderful strange bird. Kor threw the meat into the cave and ran off with the boys. In a little while he came back, to find his mother lifting the meat out of the fire, for Kor had forgotten about the fire in the cave and had thrown the meat squarely on the bed of hot ashes.

"See what you have done," his mother cried. "You have spoiled all our meat for us."

Kor was frightened, but at the same time the hot meat smelled so good that he answered, "Let me eat it. I am sure it must be good that way."

His mother gave it to him, saying, "Yes, you shall eat it and not get any other until that is all gone. Then maybe you will learn to be careful."

Kor took the meat and tasted it. His mother was surprised when she saw that instead of throwing it down he began to eat faster. Her hands were greasy from holding the meat, and without thinking what

she was doing she licked her fingers. No sooner had she done so than she cried out to Kor, "Stop! Put that meat down. The others must taste that, too."

When the others came home she gave each one a piece of the cooked meat. They liked it so well that it was only when they were very hungry, or when storms had made all the wood wet so they could not build a fire, that they ate raw meat. Later they learned to keep a supply of dried punk and firewood in the cave protected from rain, and after that they were seldom without fire. With fires to keep them warm and cook their food, the Cave Dwellers lived far more comfortably than their ancestors, the Tree Dwellers, had been able to live.

THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN

Grimm

A POOR old woman once lived all by herself in a little village. One day she was going to cook a dish of beans for her dinner, so she started a fire on her hearth with a handful of straw. It blazed up and as she poured the beans into the pot one of them dropped out and fell near a Straw. Shortly after, a

live Coal jumped out of the fire and joined the Straw and the Bean.

The Straw spoke first. "Well, friends, where do you come from?"

"I was lucky enough to jump out of the fire," said the Coal. "If I had not, by now I should be a heap of ashes."

"I just managed to save my life, too," spoke up the Bean. "If the old woman had put me in the pot with my brothers, I would have been soup before long."

"And *I* would have gone up the chimney in smoke," shuddered the Straw. "Sixty of my brothers have already gone, but I managed to slip through the old woman's fingers."

"Well, what shall we do now?" asked the Coal.

"We should become partners," answered the Bean. "We have all three escaped death, so let us travel. I would like to get as far away from this place as possible."

The Straw and the Coal agreed and the three strange companions set out on their journey. Soon they came to a little brook, but as there was no bridge, they did not know how to get across. Then the Straw said, "I

will lay myself across the brook for a bridge and you may walk over on me."

So he did, and the Coal at once started to cross. Half way over he became frightened and stopped, not daring to continue nor yet able to go back. The Coal burned the Straw which broke in two, and floated down stream, sending the Coal into the water. He sank with a loud hiss.

The Bean was a cautious fellow and had waited on the bank. When he saw what had happened to his companions it amused him, and he laughed so heartily that he split wide open. That would have been the end of the Bean if a tailor had not happened by just then. He was kind-hearted, and when he saw what had happened to the Bean, he took out his needle and thread and sewed him up.

The Bean was very grateful but the tailor had used black thread, so ever since every bean has had a little black stitch in its side.

THANKSGIVING DAY

JOHN STILLWELL

IT WAS a perfect Thanksgiving Day. All night snow had been falling, and now the ground and the trees, the road and walks were covered with a soft white blanket. Inside the house all the family were helping to get the dinner ready. Mother was taking the turkey out of the oven, Father was bringing the cider from the barrel in the cellar, while Bill

and Nellie were cracking nuts to put in the big china bowl, for dessert.

"There!" said Mother, bringing in a huge platter with the biggest turkey you ever saw. "There, dinner is almost ready. Run out, youngsters, and bring in the dish of cranberry jelly and the bowls of mashed potatoes and green beans, and then we can have dinner."

Father poured the cider. Soon the food was on the table and the family were seated. Father heaped the plates high, giving Mother and Bill the drumsticks and saving the wishbone for Nellie. It didn't take very long for plates to be cleaned, I can tell you. Just as Bill was trying to decide whether he could possibly manage another slice of turkey, and Mother was reminding him that a pumpkin pie and nuts were still to be disposed of, there came a scratching at the door.

Bill jumped up at once, crying, "Excuse me, Mother, but that is Rex asking for his Thanksgiving dinner."

As soon as the door was opened, in came Rex, and with him was Tabby, her tail waving high in the air. They both marched up to Mother and stood

looking at her, as much as to say, "This is Thanksgiving Day. Did you forget our dinner?"

Mother laughed at their comical look and told Bill to open the door to the kitchen and take Rex and Tabby out to the plates that she had heaped for them.

Bill did this, then came hurrying back, and soon was busy with his pie and nuts.

"I guess everybody around here has had his dinner now," he remarked.

Just then something whisked by the window and then came back and stood looking in.

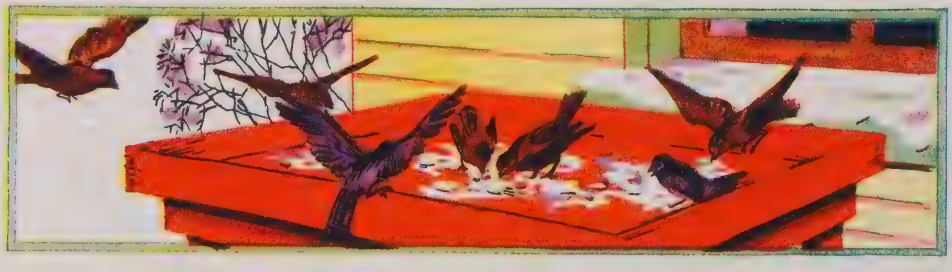
Father laughed and said: "No, there is somebody else who wants dinner. Rex and Tabby must have smelled the turkey and knew when to come for it, but how Brother Squirrel knew we were eating nuts, I can't tell. But he came at the right time. Take a handful out to him, Nellie, and open the door carefully so you do not frighten him."

Nellie took the nuts to Brother Squirrel, and as she threw them on the ground under the tree where he was perched, she saw a little group of birds huddled in the snow, looking for food.

"I tell you what," said Bill, "let's put our old nursery table just outside the dining-room window and they can have Thanksgiving dinner every day."

"Good idea, son," Father seconded, "but we will have to put a board up on each side of the table to make the top into a tray so the wind cannot blow the food away. And we will put out a bit of suet, too, for the birds dearly love that in cold weather."

After dinner, Bill and Nellie got out the old table and put a little board up along each side so the crumbs and grain could not blow away. And there, just outside the window, the birds had dinner every day, all the winter long. Robins and sparrows were regular visitors, and sometimes a pigeon or grackle came, too, and they all chirped their thanks to Nellie and Bill for the Thanksgiving dinner that lasted all winter.



THE LIGHTS ON THE CHRISTMAS TREE

FLORENCE S. PAGE

ONCE the Christmas Tree lights were not lights at all. They were the colors in the rainbow. Just a perfectly good rainbow—the kind you see in the sky after a rain! And when Santa Claus made the very first Christmas tree, it was easy to see that he needed a rainbow for a decoration. Because all the decorations he had were white. He lived at the North Pole then, you know, as he does now, and when he had powdered the tree with snow and hung icicles

By permission of the author

all over it and tied snowballs on the ends of the branches, he looked at it and said:

"No—it's pretty, but it ought to have some color on it. It needs some red and green and blue and gold—"

"Oh, Santa Claus," said the Littlest White Bear. "Let's put a rainbow on it!"

"That's just what it needs," Santa Claus agreed. "I'll send the Biggest White Bear to get one."

"Oh!" said the Littlest White Bear. He was so disappointed that the tears came to his eyes. "I was the one who thought of the rainbow. I think you might let me find it!"

"All right then," Santa Claus said kindly, "But you must be *very* careful. Rainbows are easy to break, you know, and really you are the clumsiest funny little bear."

"Oh, I will be careful," promised the Littlest White Bear, and he ran and ran on his fat little legs till he found the most beautiful rainbow. Then he picked it and hung it over his back and went home to Santa Claus, walking very carefully. He walked safely past the snow fields and safely past the icebergs and safely

past the slippery slides, and at last he came to Santa Claus' steps, and saw Santa Claus in the doorway, waiting for him.

"Hurray!" he laughed, waving his little front paws in triumph. "Here it is!"

And just then both his back feet slipped and—boom! He fell on his back, and the rainbow was broken into a thousand pieces.

"Don't cry, don't cry," said Santa Claus, hurrying down the steps. "You aren't hurt!"

"No, but the rainbow is," sobbed the Littlest White Bear, "and I tried so hard to be careful."

"Never mind," Santa Claus patted him gently. "We'll put the pieces of the rainbow on the tree."

So they picked up a blue piece and put it here, and they picked up a red piece and put it there, and the Christmas Tree was prettier than if the rainbow had been all together.

"Oh," said the Littlest White Bear, "I'm glad I fell down!"

And ever since then we have had beautiful rainbow colored lights on the Christmas Tree.

PINE TREE SONG

LITTLE pines upon the hill,
Sleeping in the moonlight still,

Are you dreaming now of me
Who bloomed into a Christmas tree?

Baby moons of gold and red
Cuddle close beside my head;

In my tangled boughs a string
Of fairy stars are glimmering;

While my arms, for girls and boys,
Blossom with a hundred toys.

Oh, little pines, it's fun to live
To be a Christmas tree—and give!

MARJORIE BARROWS

By permission of the author and courtesy of *Child Life*.

THE LITTLE TUG THAT TRIED

Chet Law

"CHUG-G-G, chug-g-g, swish-sh-sh-sh, swish-sh-sh-sh-sh," panted the Christmas-tree ship. "Chug-g-g—chug-g-g, sh-sh-sh-h-h-h." And with a last tired puff-f she stopped dead still and couldn't turn her propeller another time.

"Now what *is* to be done?" wondered the poor tired Christmas-tree ship. "Here I am with my keel stuck deep in the mud and Christmas only two days away." And a tear ran down her funnel and hissed against a hot pipe. She was the saddest ship you ever saw.

"This will never do," thought she, trying hard to be cheerful. "Someone will surely hear me if I call for help." So opening wide her whistle she called, "Whoo-oO-OO-OO-Oo-oo—oo, whoo-oO-OO-OO-Oo-oo-oo, help-help-help-lp-lp!"

Again and again she called, but not an answer broke the stillness except the soft lap of the little waves against her sides.

After a while she was cheered by the sight of smoke far out on the horizon, and pretty soon a fine big ocean liner came steaming along, pushing her way proudly through the water, her white sides gleaming in the sunlight.

"Will you please pull me out of this mud," called the little ship politely, "so that the children may have their Christmas trees on time?"

But the big ocean liner held her nose so high in the air that she never heard, or at least pretended not to, and kept right on her way.

The poor Christmas-tree ship settled down deeper in the mud and waited.

Pretty soon along came another ship. He was a huge,

wheezy, untidy, old tramp, with dingy sides and heavy black smoke rolling out of his smokestacks.

"Oh, please sir," called the little ship, "will you give me just a little pull out of this mud, that the children may have their Christmas trees on time?"

"Can't," wheezed the old tramp. "I'm on my way to China and besides I'm not very strong. And he churned on his way, "Can't—can't—can't-t-t—can't-t-t-t."

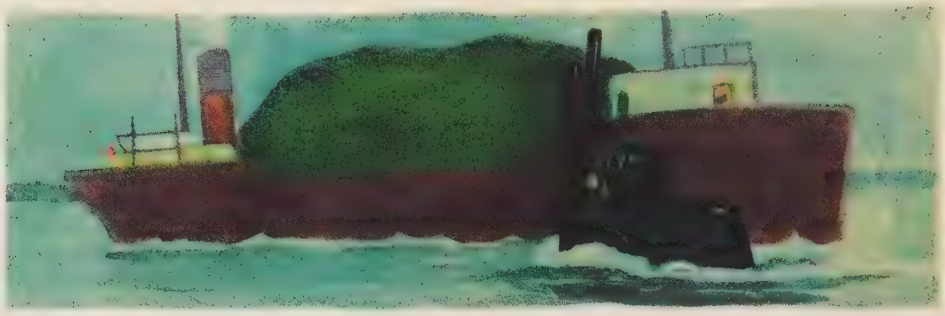
Then along came a giant warship, frowning deeply, with big cannon sticking out on all sides.

The Christmas-tree ship didn't dare ask him. "He must be on important business for Uncle Sam," she thought.

And she waited———and waited———and waited. Darkness came over the water and then after a while two little stars twinkled in the sky to keep her company.

All through the night she sat there calling for help, while passenger ships, freighters, and sailing boats passed by. They were all too busy, or in too great a hurry, or too lazy to stop and help the little ship.

Morning came at last, and with it a heavy fog. The Christmas-tree ship had been dozing just a little, and when the fog horn started his hoarse, lonesome call,



warning boats to be careful, the Christmas-tree ship. opened her eyes with a start. The fog was so thick she could hardly see beyond her nose, and she wondered sleepily where she was. Then she remembered.

"Tomorrow is Christmas," she cried, "and unless something is done this minute the children will never get their Christmas trees on time."

So she puff-ff-ffed and chug-gg-ged and tried and tried to get free, but beyond a great swirling and splashing and churning she did not move a bit.

A sleek-looking submarine with a strand of seaweed hanging over one eye, pushed his head out of the water. "Stop making all that fuss," he growled. "I can't see where I am going." And he ducked out of sight again.

A fishing boat came along. "Can't you see you are chasing all the fish away?" he asked crossly.

So the Christmas-tree ship stopped, for she was quite out of breath anyway. She settled down deeper and deeper into the mud. The fog lifted a little but nobody came to help her.

"It's no use trying," she thought sadly. She was almost ready to give up hope. Just then she heard a cheerful singing off in the distance. "Chug-chug, chug, chug, chug-chug, chug-chug." Bustling merrily towards

her over the dancing waves, came the brightest little tug boat you could imagine.

"Clang!" went her bell. Her engines stopped, and she drifted alongside the Christmas-tree ship.

"Here is help at last," thought the Christmas-tree ship, and she felt very happy. But when she looked again and saw what a *tiny* tug it was, her heart most sank to the bottom of her boilers.

"Can I be of any help?" called the little tug boat.

"Thank you," the Christmas-tree ship said, as she shook her smokestack with a sigh. "I am afraid you are not nearly large enough to pull me out of this mud."

"You never can tell until you try," said the little tug boat, and without another word she threw a rope to the Christmas-tree ship, who caught it and quickly made it fast. Then, taking a firm grip upon her end of the rope, she started to pull.

"Chug-chug-gg-gg-gg,

"Puff————puff-ff-ff,

"Chug—chug-gg-gg-gg,

"Puff-ff———Puff-ff-ff,

"sssssss-ss-ssh—sssssss-ss-ss-ssh————I'll try, I'll try."

And the little tug boat, looking very earnest and determined, puffed and pulled and tugged, but couldn't move the Christmas-tree ship a single inch.

At last the little tug boat had to stop and rest. The Christmas-tree ship, forgetting her manners, cried, "There, I knew you were too small. You will *never* pull me out of this mud."

But the little tug, looking more determined than ever, said, "I will! I'll try again—try again—try again—

"Chug-chug-gg-gg-gg,

"Puff————puff-ff-fffffff,

"Chug-chug-gg-ggggggggggg,

"Puff-puff-ff-ff-fffffffffff,

"sssssssssssss-sh-sh-ssh————sssssssssss-sh-sssh, try harder—try harder!"

At first nothing happened, but the little tug boat kept right on trying and trying and then—the Christmas-tree ship trembled and moved e-v-e-r so little.

"I————will! I————will!!

"I————will!!! I————will!!!!"

The fire under the little tug's boilers grew hotter and hotter, her propeller turned faster and faster, while the

water fairly boiled and tossed and foamed. Once more the Christmas-tree ship moved.

"I———think———I———can,
"I———think———I———can,
"I———think———I———can,
"I———think———I———can."

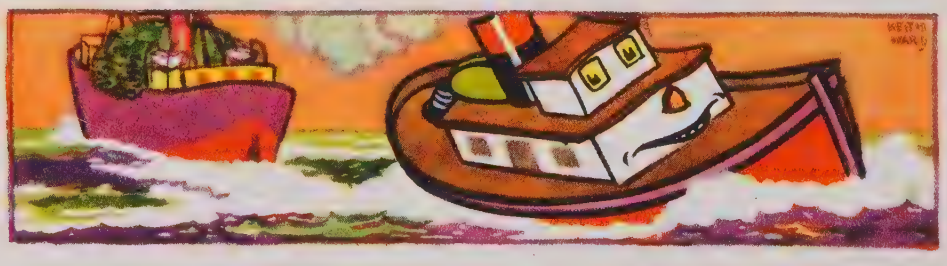
This time there was no mistaking it. The Christmas-tree ship *was* moving, faster and a little faster.

"I—thought—I—could. I—thought—I—could.
"I—thought—I—could. I—thought—I—could."

Sure enough, the last bit of mud had let go and the Christmas-tree ship floated free upon the water. With a grateful "Whoo-oo-OO-oo, whoo-oo-OO-oo, thank you-oo-OO oo," she started on her way.

"There," said the little tug boat to herself, as she coiled up the wet rope on her deck,

"I KNEW I COULD!"



CHRISTMAS SONG

WHY do bells for Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely, shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay
Pillowed soft upon the hay,
And his mother sang and smiled:
"This is Christ, the holy child."

So the bells for Christmas ring,
So the little children sing.

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD

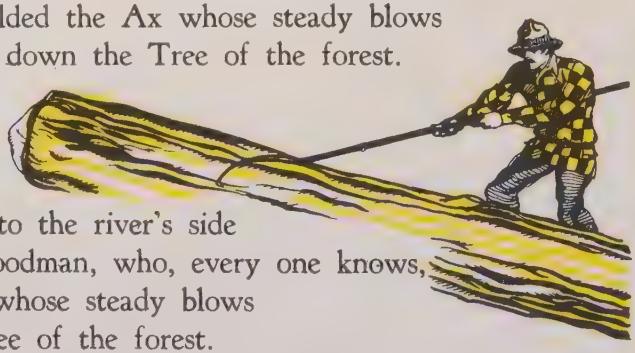
L. KATE DEAL

AN OLD-FASHIONED RHYME

THIS is the Tree of the forest.

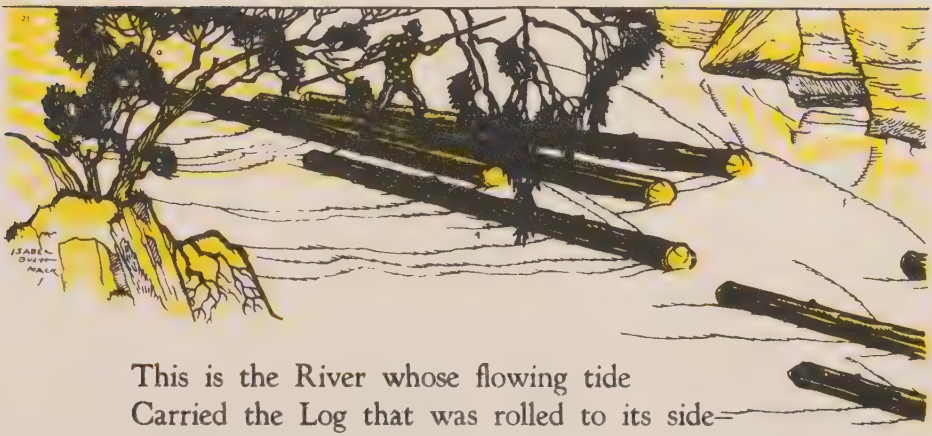
This is the Ax whose steady blows
Cut down the Tree of the forest.

This is the Woodman, who, every one knows,
Wielded the Ax whose steady blows
Cut down the Tree of the forest.



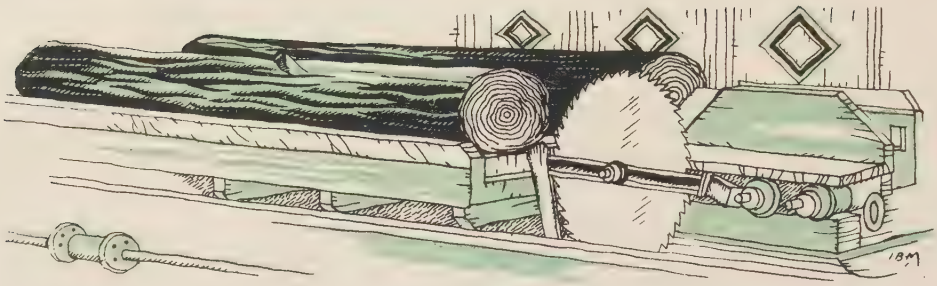
This is the Log—to the river's side
Rolled by the Woodman, who, every one knows,
Wielded the Ax whose steady blows
Cut down the Tree of the forest.

From *In the Child's World*, by Emilie Poulsson. Springfield, Mass.: Milton Bradley Co.



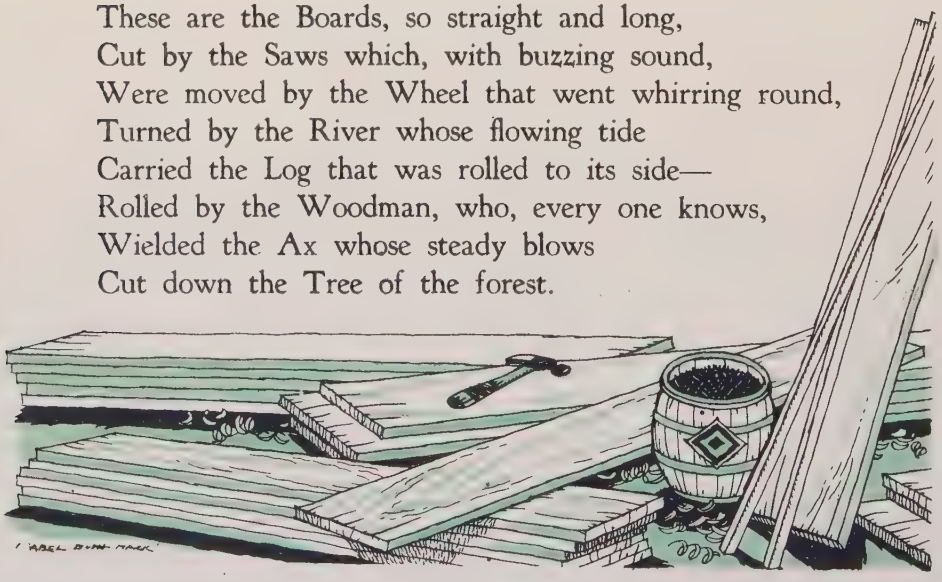
This is the River whose flowing tide
Carried the Log that was rolled to its side—
Rolled by the Woodman, who, every one knows,
Wielded the Ax whose steady blows
Cut down the Tree of the forest.

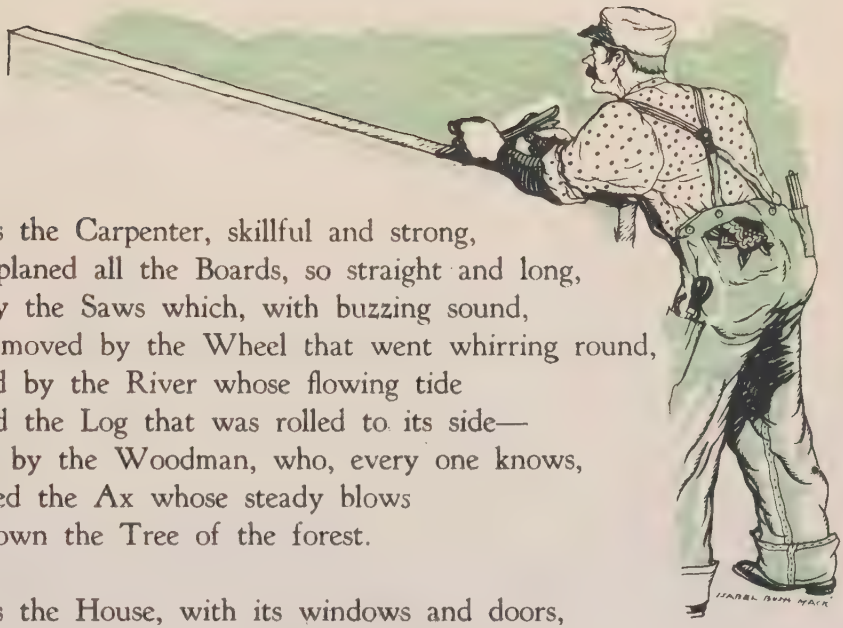
This is the Wheel that went whirring round,
Turned by the River whose flowing tide
Carried the Log that was rolled to its side—
Rolled by the Woodman, who, every one knows,
Wielded the Ax whose steady blows
Cut down the Tree of the forest.



These are the Saws which, with buzzing sound,
Were moved by the Wheel that went whirring round,
Turned by the River whose flowing tide
Carried the Log that was rolled to its side—
Rolled by the Woodman, who, every one knows,
Wielded the Ax whose steady blows
Cut down the Tree of the forest.

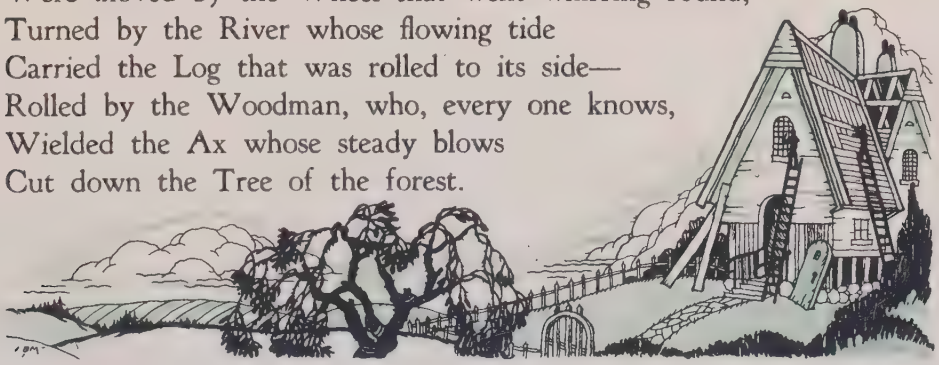
These are the Boards, so straight and long,
Cut by the Saws which, with buzzing sound,
Were moved by the Wheel that went whirring round,
Turned by the River whose flowing tide
Carried the Log that was rolled to its side—
Rolled by the Woodman, who, every one knows,
Wielded the Ax whose steady blows
Cut down the Tree of the forest.





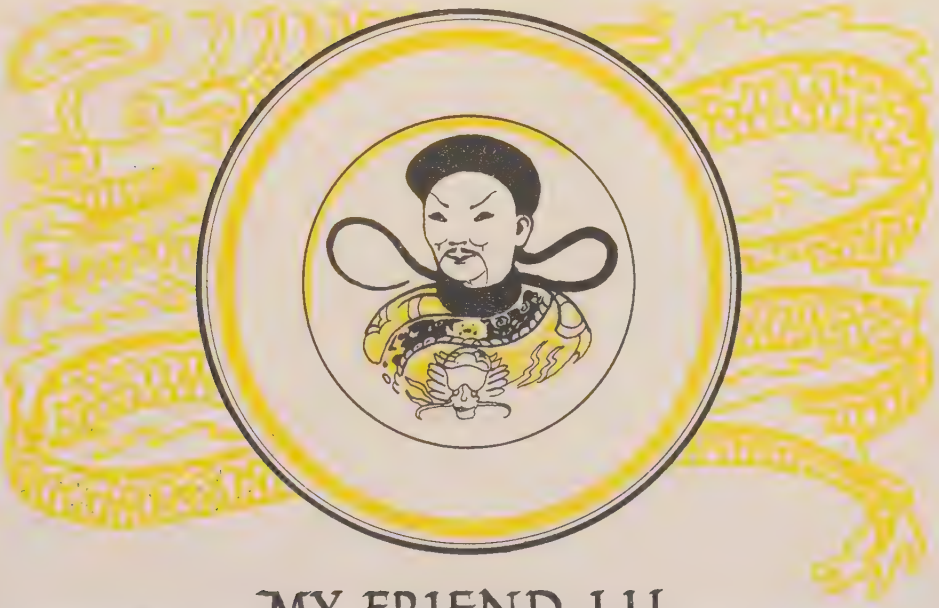
This is the Carpenter, skillful and strong,
Who planed all the Boards, so straight and long,
Cut by the Saws which, with buzzing sound,
Were moved by the Wheel that went whirring round,
Turned by the River whose flowing tide
Carried the Log that was rolled to its side—
Rolled by the Woodman, who, every one knows,
Wielded the Ax whose steady blows
Cut down the Tree of the forest.

This is the House, with its windows and doors,
With timbers and rafters and roofs and floors,
Which was built by the Carpenter, skillful and strong,
Who planed all the Boards, so straight and long,
Cut by the Saws which, with buzzing sound,
Were moved by the Wheel that went whirring round,
Turned by the River whose flowing tide
Carried the Log that was rolled to its side—
Rolled by the Woodman, who, every one knows,
Wielded the Ax whose steady blows
Cut down the Tree of the forest.



This is the Family—All are here—
Father, and mother, and children dear,
Who live in the House, with windows and doors,
With timbers and rafters and roofs and floors,
Which was built by the Carpenter, skillful and strong,
Who planed all the Boards, so straight and long,
Cut by the Saws which, with buzzing sound,
Were moved by the Wheel that went whirring round,
Turned by the River whose flowing tide
Carried the Log that was rolled to its side—
Rolled by the Woodman, who, every one knows,
Wielded the Ax whose steady blows
Cut down the Tree of the forest.

EMILIE POULSSON



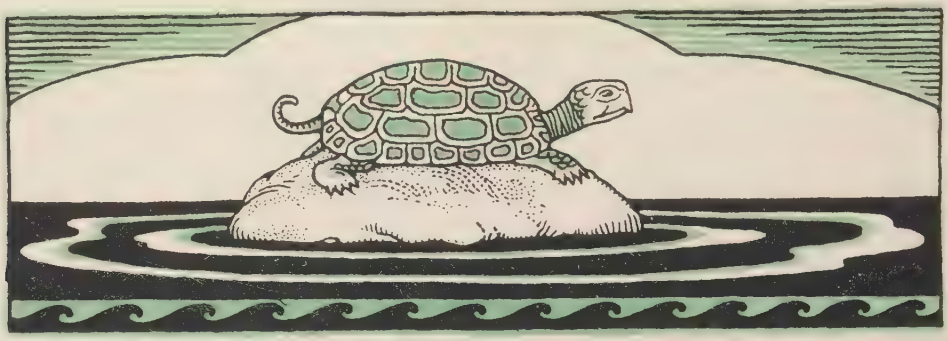
MY FRIEND LU

MARJORIE BARROWS

BEATRICE McGOWAN SCOTT

gaily
3
I lunch each day With my-friend Lu Who
wears his hair In a long black queue. He smiles at- me And is
nev-er-late For he lives on my Chi-nese plate!

From Book II, *Universal School Music Series.* Copyright Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, Inc., New York.



THE LITTLE TURTLE

(A Recitation for Martha Wakefield, Three Years Old)

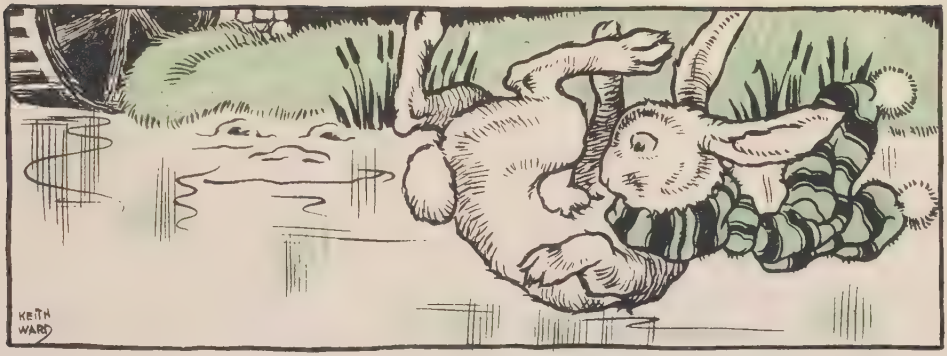
THERE was a little turtle.
He lived in a box.
He swam in a puddle.
He climbed on the rocks.

He snapped at a mosquito.
He snapped at a flea.
He snapped at a minnow.
And he snapped at me.

He caught the mosquito.
He caught the flea.
He caught the minnow.
But he didn't catch me.

VACHEL LINDSAY

From *Collected Poems*, by Vachel Lindsay. Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers, New York.



THE STRONGEST—WHO? OR WHICH?

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

IT WAS like this: One time in the country where we came from, there chanced to be a big frost, and the mill pond froze over. Mr. Rabbit ran along that way and found the ice bridge over the pond, and as he was in something of a hurry he skipped across it. I mean he skipped a part of the way. The Ice was so slippery that, when he got about halfway, his feet slipped from under him and he fell ker-thump! He got up and rubbed himself as well as he could, and then he thought that the Ice must be very strong indeed to have hit him so hard a lick on the head. He said to the Ice, "You are very strong."

From *Little Mr. Thimblefinger.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

"I am so," said the Ice.

"Well, if that is true, how can the Sun melt you?"

The Ice said nothing, so Mr. Rabbit asked the Sun, "Are you then really so very strong?"

"So they tell me," replied the Sun.

"Then how can the Clouds hide you?"

The Sun was somewhat ashamed and said nothing.

So Mr. Rabbit looked at the Clouds.

"Are you very strong?"

"We have heard so," replied the Clouds.

"How can the Wind blow you?"

The Clouds sailed away, and Mr. Rabbit asked the Wind, "Are you very strong?"

"I believe you," said the Wind.

"Then how can the Mountain stand against you?"

The Wind blew itself away, and then Mr. Rabbit asked the Mountain, "Are you very strong?"

"So it seems," replied the Mountain.

"How can the Mouse make a nest in you?"

The Mountain was mum.

So Mr. Rabbit asked the Mouse, "Are you very strong?"

"I believe so," replied the Mouse.

"How can the Cat catch you?"

The Mouse hid in the grass. Mr. Rabbit asked the Cat, "Are you very strong?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the Cat.

"How can the Dog chase you?"

The Cat began to wash her face. Then Mr. Rabbit said to the Dog, "Are you very strong?"

"I certainly am," replied the Dog.

"Then why does the Stick scare you?"

The Dog began to scratch the fleas off his neck,

and Mr. Rabbit said to the Stick, "Are you very strong?"

"Everybody says so."

"Then how can the Fire burn you?"

The Stick was dumb, and Mr. Rabbit asked the Fire, "Are you very strong?"

"Anybody will tell you so," answered the Fire.

"How can the Water quench you?"

The Fire hid behind the smoke. Then Mr. Rabbit asked the Water, "Are you very strong?"

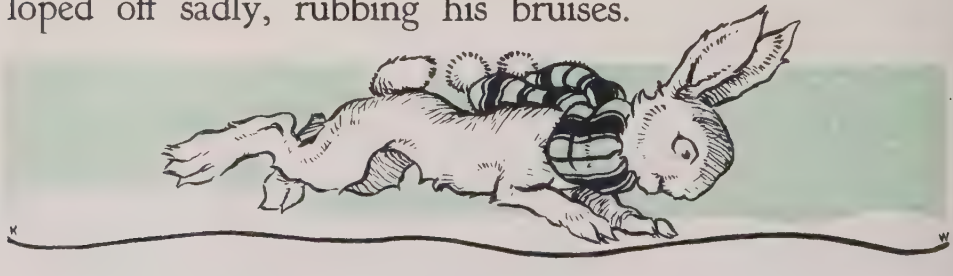
"Strong is no name for it," said the Water.

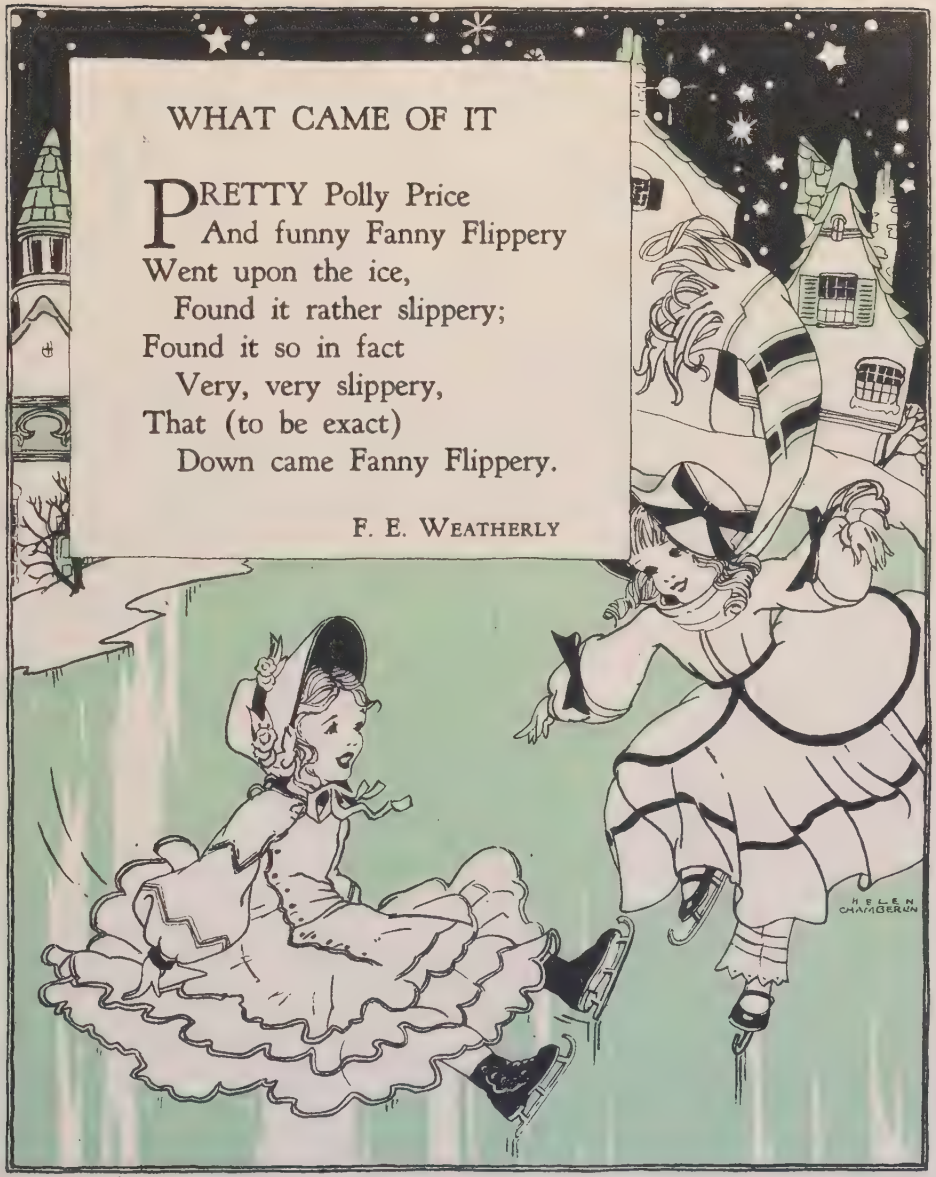
"How can the Ice cover you?"

The Water went running down the river, and after it had gone the Ice said to Mr. Rabbit:

"You see you had to come back to me at last."

"Yes," replied Mr. Rabbit, "and now I am going away. You are too much for me." Then Mr. Rabbit loped off sadly, rubbing his bruises.




WHAT CAME OF IT
PRETTY Polly Price
And funny Fanny Flippery
Went upon the ice,
Found it rather slippery;
Found it so in fact
Very, very slippery,
That (to be exact)
Down came Fanny Flippery.
F. E. WEATHERLY
HELEN CHAMBERLIN

RAILROAD RHYME

SINGING through the forests,
Rattling over ridges;
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges;
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale—
Bless me! this is pleasant
Riding on the rail.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

LITTLE 'FRAID-OF-THE-DARK

PATTEN BEARD

THERE was once upon a time a little girl who didn't like the dark at all. When the big red sun went to bed at night and tucked himself up in the clouds at the edge of the sky and put out the light,

From *Pillow-Time Tales*, by Patten Beard. By permission of Rand McNally & Company, publishers, Chicago.

then the little girl looked all around the room where the fire flickered on the hearth, and when she saw the shadows dancing on the wall she was just plain scared.

Now, what was there to scare any little girl, I should like to know? She didn't want to go upstairs through the hall where it was dark, and she didn't want to be left in her own room to go to sleep alone in the dark. When her mother kissed her good night and took the candle away, the little girl's eyes grew very large and she cried, "Oh, oh! Please, Mother, let me have the candle! I don't like the big, big dark!" It was silly, wasn't it? Of course, *you* would know better.

So her mother brought the candle back and set it down on the table. "Little Girl," she said, "there is nothing in the big dark to be afraid of at all. You can

have the candle to keep you company, but when it goes out you must go to sleep."

At first the little girl sat up in bed and watched the candle grow smaller and smaller. Then she peeped here and there about the room to see what shadows there might be in the dark. And then she looked back at the candle again to see how much smaller it had grown. It was getting very wee, very low, and very small. The wax had fallen down around it as it burned, and as the little girl looked at the candle it had the shape of a funny little fairy.

As the little girl watched, the candle-fairy began to smile. "Hello!" he said. "Are you Little 'Fraid-of-the Dark?"

"No," returned the little girl. "That's not my name at all."

"Well, I'll have to call you that," replied the candle-fairy, "for while you have been here with me you've been watching all the shadows as if you were quite scared and you wanted me to stay here and keep you company. Why don't you go to sleep? I'm going to put my light out very soon, and then I'm going out

into the dark. Do you think I am afraid?"

The little girl sat up in bed and she looked hard at the candle-fairy. "Do you like it?" she asked. "I don't!"

"That's because you are too afraid of it to know what it is really like," answered the little candle-fairy. "I will put my light out, and then you must not be afraid of the dark, for there is nothing to frighten you. Just look about, and you will find all the lovely things you can see only when I put my little light out."

And then the candle flickered and went out, and the little girl found herself sitting up in bed—all alone in the dark.

First, she was scared because she was always so 'fraid of the dark. But she remembered what the candle-fairy had said, and she decided to try to be brave and look about and find out what the dark really was like. She had been afraid of its shadows and had never seen anything lovely about it. She did not even know that the dark *was* beautiful. She was quite surprised to hear that it was.

So she began to look for lovely things in it, 'stead of things to be afraid of, you know. First, what do

you suppose she saw? Why, she saw the very things that you yourself see when you are left to go to bed alone at night. She saw the big dark outside of the window. In it there were hundreds and hundreds of wonderful star lights twinkling just like the little fairy lights away up high above the dark tree tops. How could anybody ever be afraid of the dark when there were so many, many lovely little lights in it as those? And beside them was the big smiling moon looking in at the window.

"Go to sleep, Little 'Fraid-of-the-Dark," he laughed. "Don't be a little silly any more. The big dark is quiet and kind, and there is nothing in it to be 'fraid of at all. Tuck the sheets around you, and the big quiet dark will send you a lovely dream of happy thoughts. Just you try it and see!"

Then the little girl cuddled right down and decided to try it. She couldn't be really 'fraid any more with the stars and the moon for company. So she cuddled down, and soon she was fast asleep. And the big kind dark gave her a happy dream, and the little stars and the moon stayed all night to keep her company.

THE WRECK

THE sea threw things upon the beach:
As far along as eyes could reach,

The sand was covered up with wood
And piles of fruit quite almost good.

I know if I had walked some more,
A little farther on the shore,

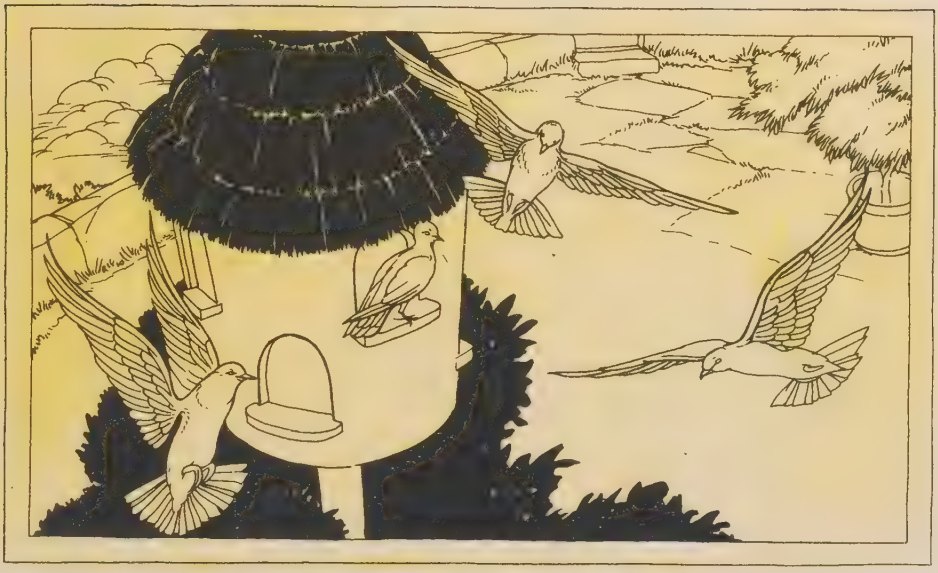
I would have found a splendid wreck
With fruit and monkeys on the deck,

And boxes full of gems and gold
All pouring from her broken hold

That I could take to spend for toys
And give to other girls and boys.

MARGARET WIDDEMER

From *Little Girl and Boy Land*, by Margaret Widdemer. Copyright 1924, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., New York.



FLEET WING AND SWEET VOICE

MAUD LINDSAY

MOTHER and Father Pigeon lived with their two young pigeons in their home, built high on a post in a king's farmyard. Every bright morning they would fly away through the beautiful sunshine wherever they pleased but, when evening came, they were sure to come to the pigeon house again.

One evening, when they were talking together in their sweet, cooing way, Mother Pigeon said, "Tonight

From *Mother Stories*. Springfield, Mass.: Milton Bradley Co.

we each have a story to tell, I know; so let each one take his turn, and Father Pigeon begin."

Then Father Pigeon said:

"Today I have been down to the shining little stream that runs through the wood. The green ferns grow on either side of it, and the water is cool, cool, cool! for I dipped my feet into it, and wished that you all were there."

"I know the stream," cooed Mother Pigeon. "It turns the wheels of the mills as it hurries along, and is busy all day on its way to the river."

"Today I have talked with the birds in the garden," said Sweet Voice, one of the young pigeons, "the thrush, the blackbird, and robin, and all. They sang to me and I cooed to them, and together we made the world gay. The robin sang of the sunshine, and the blackbird of the harvest; but the thrush sang the sweetest song. It was about her nest in the tree."

"I heard you all," said Fleet Wing, the other young pigeon, "for I sat and listened on the high church tower. I was so high up, there, that I thought I was higher than anything else; but I saw the great sun

shining in the sky, and the little white clouds, like sky pigeons, sailing above me. Then, looking down, I saw, far away, this white pigeon house; and it made me very glad, for nothing that I saw was so lovely as home."

"I never fly far away from home," said Mother Pigeon, "and today I visited the chicken run. The hens were all talking, and they greeted me with 'Good morning! Good morning!' and the turkey gobbled 'Good morning!' and the rooster said, 'How do you do?' While I chatted with them a little girl came out with a basket of yellow maize and threw some for us all. When I was eating my share, I longed for my dear ones. And now good night," cooed Mother Pigeon, "it is sleepy time for us all."

"*Coo, coo!* Good night!" answered the others; and all was still in the pigeon house.

Now over in the palace, where the king, and queen, and their one little daughter lived, there was the sound of music and laughter. But the king's little daughter was sad, for early the next morning her father, the king, was to start on a journey, and she loved him

so dearly that she could not bear to let him leave her.

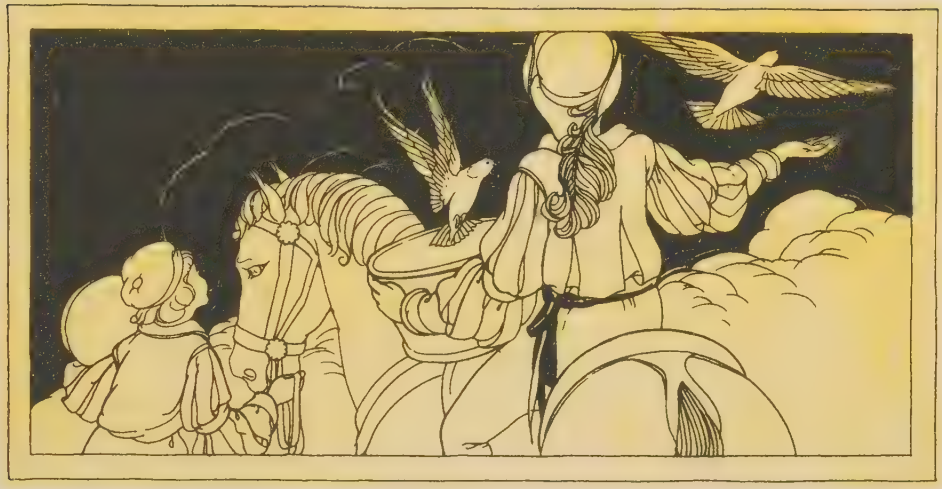
The king's little daughter could not go out in the sunshine like Sweet Voice and Fleet Wing, but lay all day within the palace on her silken cushions; for her fine little feet, in their satin slippers, were always too tired to carry her about, and her thin little face was as white as a jasmine flower.

The king loved her as dearly as she loved him; and when he saw that she was sad, he tried to think of something to make her glad after he had gone away. At last he called a prince and whispered something to him. The prince told it to a count, and the count to a gentleman-in-waiting.

The gentleman-in-waiting told a footman, and the footman told somebody else, and at last the boy who waited on the cook heard it.

Early next morning he went to the pigeon house, where Mother and Father Pigeon and their young pigeons lived; and putting his hand through the door, he took Sweet Voice and Fleet Wing out, and dropped them into a basket.

Poor Sweet Voice, and Fleet Wing! They were so



frightened that they could not *coo!* They sat very close to each other in the covered basket, and wondered when they would see their mother and father and home again.

All the time, as they sat close together in the basket and wondered, they were being taken away from home; for the king had started on his journey, and one of his gentlemen was carrying the basket, very carefully, with him on his horse.

At last the horses stood still and the basket was taken to the king; and when he opened it, the two little pigeons looked up and saw that the sun was high in the sky, and that they were far from home.

When they saw that they were far from home, they were more frightened than before; but the king spoke so kindly and smoothed their feathers so gently that they knew he would take care of them.

Then the king took two tiny letters tied with lovely blue ribbon out of his pocket; and, while his gentlemen stood by to see, he fastened one under a wing of each little pigeon. "Fly away, little pigeons!" he cried, and he tossed them up toward the sky. "Fly away, and carry my love to my little daughter!"

Fleet Wing and Sweet Voice spread their wings joyfully, for they knew that they were free! free! and they wanted to go home.

Everywhere they saw green woods, instead of the red roofs and shining windows of the town, and Sweet Voice was afraid; but Fleet Wing said, "I saw these woods from the tall church steeple. Home is not so far away as we thought."

Then they lost no time in talking but turned their heads homeward; and as they flew the little gray squirrels that ran about in the woods called out to ask them to play, but the pigeons could not stay.

The wood-dove heard them, and called from her tree, "Little cousins, come in!" But the pigeons thanked her and hurried on.

"Home is not so far away," said Fleet Wing; but he began to fear that they had missed the way, and Sweet Voice was so tired that she begged him to fly on alone.

Fleet Wing would not listen to this; and, as they talked, they came to a little stream of water with green ferns growing all about, and they knew that it must be the very stream the Father Pigeon loved. Then they cooled their tired feet in the fresh water, and cooed for joy, for they knew that they were getting nearer, nearer, nearer home, all the time.

Sweet Voice was not afraid then; and as they flew from the shelter of the woods they saw the tall church steeple with its golden weather vane.

The sun was in the west and the windows were all shining in its light when Fleet Wing and Sweet Voice reached the town. The little children saw them and called, "Stay with us, pretty pigeons." But Sweet Voice and Fleet Wing did not rest until they reached

the white pigeon house where Mother and Father Pigeon were waiting.

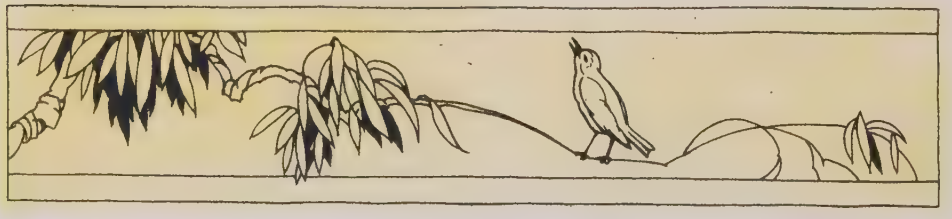
The cook's boy was waiting, too, and the little pigeons were taken in to see the king's daughter. When she found the letters which they carried under their wings, she laughed with delight; and Fleet Wing and Sweet Voice were proud to think that they had brought glad news to their princess.

They told it over and over again out in the pigeon house, and Mother and Father Pigeon were glad, too.

In the morning, the birds in the garden were told of the wonderful things that had happened to Fleet Wing and Sweet Voice; and even the hens and chickens had something to say when they heard the news.

The thrush said that it all made her think of her own sweet song; and she sang it again to them:

Wherever I fly from my own dear nest,
I always come back, for home is the best.



WINTER NIGHT

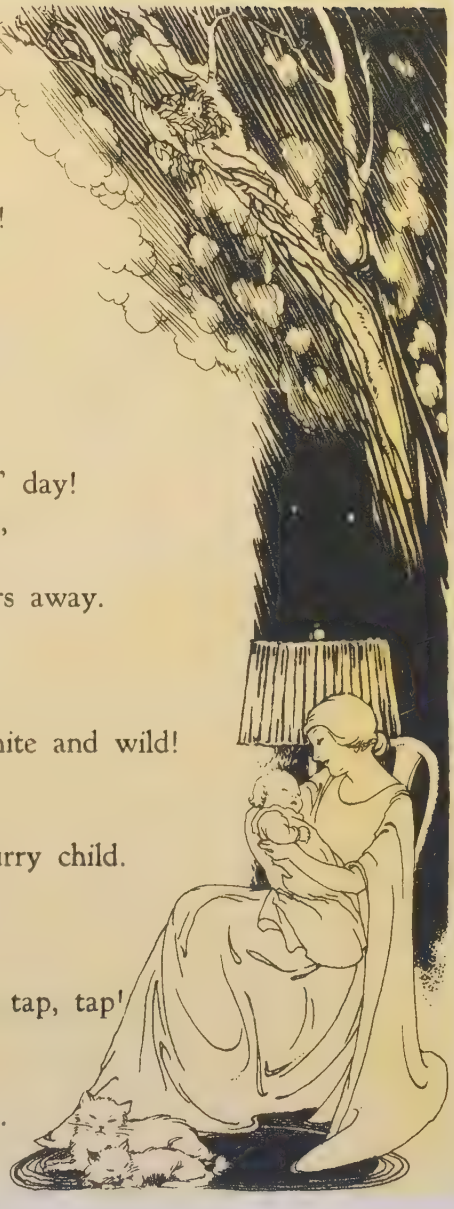
BLOW, wind, blow!
Drift the flying snow!
Send it twirling, whirling overhead!
There's a bedroom in a tree
Where, snug as snug can be,
The squirrel nests in his cozy bed.

Shriek, wind, shriek!
Make the branches creak!
Battle with the boughs till break o' day!
In a snow cave, warm and tight,
Through the icy winter night
The rabbit sleeps the peaceful hours away.

Call, wind, call!
In entry and in hall!
Straight from off the mountain, white and wild!
Soft purrs the pussy-cat
On her little fluffy mat,
And beside her nestles close her furry child.

Scold, wind, scold!
So bitter and so bold!
Shake the windows with your tap, tap, tap!
With half-shut, dreamy eyes
The drowsy baby lies
Cuddled closely in his mother's lap.

MARY F. BUTTS



ON THE CLOTHESLINE

MARK FRANCIS

OUT on the clothesline Pajama Suit was swinging beside Blue Shirt, when the Laundress brought out the Tan Socks twins.

"You are late this morning," said Pajama Suit; "Blue Shirt and I have been waiting a long time for you."

"Yes," answered one of the Socks, "it took us so long to get clean today. There were such mud spots on us we feared we were spoiled for always."

"Hm, you ought to have seen my cuffs!" said Blue Shirt. "They were spotted with jam and rubbed in sand. I was a terrible sight before the Laundress scrubbed me."

"Here come the Table Napkins," remarked Pajama Suit. "How are you this morning, friends?"

"We are quite well, thank you," responded the Napkins, talking all together. "There is a fine breeze today and the sun is shining. Why do we always stay here swinging on the line, after we have our bath each Monday? Let us go for a trip to see what the rest of the world looks like."

"We might get lost," hesitated Blue Shirt.

"Now, I think that is a good idea," broke in Pajama Suit. "Blue Shirt and the Tan Socks get out to see the world nearly every day, and even the Napkins go on Picnics, but the only time I get outdoors is when I swing on this line. I say, let's go!"

Just then a strong gust of wind picked up Blue Shirt, Pajama Suit, the Tan Socks, and the Table Napkins, shook them free from the Clothes Pins that held them, and soon they were all flying away toward the little brook that ran through the end of the garden. There the wind dropped them and they were carried by the brook to the river. And if they haven't stopped, they must be around the world by this time.

THE RUNAWAYS

I'D LIKE to see all the shoes in the world
Go running up the street—
Father's rubber boots *clump-clump-clumping;*
Mother's slippers *tap-tap-tapping;*
Brother's dancing shoes *pump-pump-pumping;*
Sister's galoshes *flap-flap-flapping;*
Grandma's bedsides *plump-plump-plumping;*
Grandpa's gaiters *slap-slap-slapping;*
Baby's booties *whish-whish-whishing;*
The Gardener's brogans *thump-thump-thumping;*
Indian moccasins *shhsh-shhsh-shhshing.....*
Oh, what a rollicking to see,
When Spring is as young as young can be,
And dimpled and glad the weather,
If up the highroad and down the lane,
Over the mountains and back again,
Around the corner and under the stile
And across the desert for many a mile,
The shoes of all the wide, wide world
Should run away together!

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

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THE RUNAWAY WATCH

ALICIA ASPINWALL

LUCY had come to spend a few weeks with her aunt at the seashore. She had arrived the night before, and as the train was late, she had to go to bed directly she got to the house. After breakfast the next day she went to the beach, and was very much excited—for, do you know, she had never, never seen the ocean before. Her own home was in a city far

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in the west, and this was the first time she had ever been away from it. When she came in sight of the water, you cannot imagine how surprised and delighted the little city child was. She gazed and gazed at the ocean, lying so calmly, quietly before her.

"And this is the great Atlantic," she said; then turning, she saw the beach. "Oh, what a beautiful beach," she exclaimed, and indeed it was, being very long, and with hard, firm sand which was almost as white as snow. The waves were rolling up very gently—ah, it was all unlike anything that Lucy had ever seen before, and very, very beautiful. She took out her watch and, looking at it, found that she had two hours before luncheon to remain in this enchanting place.

And now, while she is holding the watch in her hand I must describe it to you, for this story is really not about Lucy at all, but about her watch. In the first place, one glance at his fine open face would show anyone what a thoroughly good watch he was. He was always "up to time," and was therefore very successful as a business watch. He employed several

hands, but as he always kept them steadily at work, he never had a strike. He was a repeater, but *not* a gossip, and, in fact, required considerable pressing before he would consent to speak at all.

When Lucy took her watch out, and it heard the roar of the ocean, it was so astonished that it actually stopped short. Like Lucy, this was its first visit to the seashore. The hands knocked off work, and rushing to the small glass window, looked forth at the astounding scene. Then back they scurried and said to the master of the works:

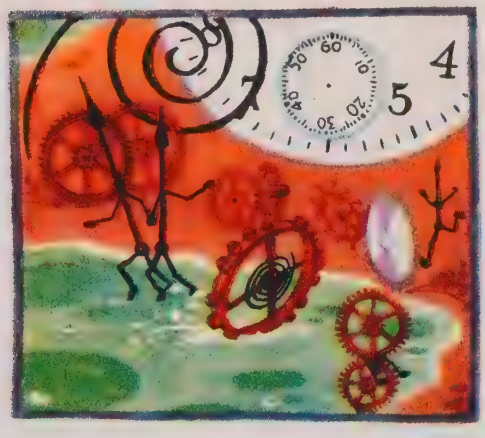
"Our mistress is having a fine time in this sand. We, too, demand a holiday. We have kept steadily at work all these years, and please, please, let us go."

The master himself was very much excited at what he had seen from the watch window, and to tell the truth, was just as eager as they to investigate for himself; so he gave his consent, and out rattled the hands, the small cog-wheels, big wheels, mainspring, and everything that is in a watch, till the case was quite, quite empty.

Then being careful to keep out of Lucy's sight,

these strange little things went rolling, rattling, clattering down the beach. The cog-wheels got clogged with sand once in a while, and one of the hands had to go and put them right again. The mainspring was broken in one of his mad rushes, but that did not give anyone the slightest uneasiness, for he was in the habit of breaking often, anyway, and always without the slightest provocation. They threw sand at each other, shouted, laughed, and behaved just as children do. At last one of the wheels caught sight of Lucy in the act of rising to go back.

"Hurry, hurry," he screamed, "or she will go without us!" And then how the works flew! They had never, when in the case, been known to hurry in the least, but now they fairly jostled each other in their eagerness. The hands kept themselves well in hand, the mainspring, broken as he was, *did* spring, and the cog-wheels cogged, and they finally did get there, just



in time to fly breathless into the case, but not in time to brush off the sand. Lucy fortunately did not look at her watch. If she had happened to do so, I am sure she would have been much astonished at the amount of sand that somehow appeared there.

The works, meanwhile, had somewhat recovered

themselves. The wheels took their places, the hands theirs, and the head master gave the order, standing before them:

"Tick-tick, tick-tick, *go!*" And they all bent to their work, only to find that they were unable to get on at all. "Scratch, squeak-i-ty, scratch," was the only sound they could make. Then the hands quarrelled, each accusing the other of not doing his work, and so stopping all the machinery. Then the wheels took it up, one saying to the other:

"It is your fault."

"It's not," was the indignant answer, "it's *yours*."

"Hush, hush," said the case, "I will settle this matter for you," and as he naturally knew more about the case than anyone else could, they listened to him respectfully.

"You don't get on," said he, "simply because you are clogged with sand."

"He is right," said the master, "and we can do no more till we go to the watchmaker's."

That night, when Lucy tried to wind her watch, it wouldn't wind. She listened, and there was no

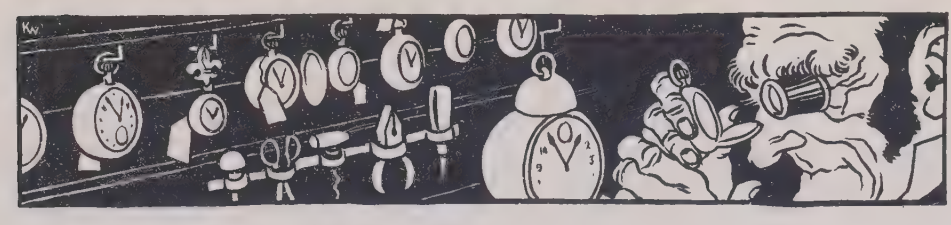
friendly "tick-tick" to be heard. So the next day she took it to the maker, who was very much surprised when he examined the works.

"Well, well, little girl," said he, "what have you been doing to this watch. It looks as if you had rolled it in sand, thrown sand at it, and poured sand into it."

Lucy was very much ashamed, but as she really had no idea how it came about, she could say nothing.

"It must have happened yesterday," said her aunt, "and the next time you go to the beach the watch had better remain at home."

And so the works were punished for their naughtiness, for they never got even a glimpse of the beautiful ocean again, and had to remain quietly in their case ever after, saying "Tick-tick, tick-tick." And sometimes if you listen *very* closely, you may hear them say softly and regretfully, "Atlan-*tic*, Atlan-*tic*."



DEEP SEA SONG

I'D LIKE to sail
On a baby whale;
I'd take my horn
And I'd take my pail,
And through green waves
We'd splash right down
Past coral caves
Of Mermaid Town.

I'd play a tune
All afternoon
To a rainbow fish
And a coral moon,
And a seashell wing
And anemone,
Then p'r'aps I'd bring
Them back with me.

Then home we'd sail
And sail
And sail,
And I would thank my baby whale,
Who'd say, "You're welcome!"
With his tail.

MARJORIE BARROWS

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THE FAT LITTLE FAIRY

FLORENCE S. PAGE

ONCE upon a time, and not so very long ago, there was a fat little fairy. He was so fat he was funny.

The other fairies laughed and laughed at him. He had creases for knees and wrists and elbows, and creases in his neck. He had a three-cornered laugh with dimples, and blue eyes with long lashes that curled up and made him look starry. Except that a star can't be fat.

When the other fairies laughed at him, he laughed

By permission of the author

too—a little deep chuckle. He was so fat he couldn't dance with the rest He just sat on the moss and bounced up and down because he was so glad they were having fun.

But he did wish he could fly! He couldn't fly any more than a bunny. His wings wouldn't hold him up. Sometimes four or five fairies would take hold of him and pull him around through the air, and he would kick and crow with delight; but he was so fat they soon got tired and had to put him down.

After a while, he got a little lonesome. The other fairies were *always* flying and dancing, and since he couldn't do either, he was left all by himself.

One night he was sitting on a low branch of a willow tree by a brook, while the other fairies danced on the grass.

"Let me dance, just a little," he begged.

The others laughed and laughed.

"You'd dance just like an apple," they said.

He laughed too. "I am about the same shape as an apple," he said. "And I've got red cheeks like one." But when they went on, he sighed and said to himself,

"I wish they didn't always laugh at me. I wish they *liked* me."

After a while he called again.

"Take me for a little fly," he said.

"Oh, you're so fat!" said the others. "We can't fly fast when we take you along. You're as fat as butter."

"Then I'd be a butterfly," said the fat little fairy. But when they weren't looking, he blinked hard to keep back the tears. They made so many jokes!

Just then a lovely little fairy came along. The fat little fairy called to her, "Come and talk. Come and swing on my branch with me."

"Oh, no," said the lovely fairy. "You're so funny, with your dimples, and your three-cornered laugh, and your fat little hands and feet. I'd rather play with a regular fairy!"

The fat little fairy put his hands over his blue eyes and cried. He wished he wasn't so funny.

He wished he was slender and graceful. The lovely little fairy was. All the other fairies were. He didn't see why he had to be so little and round. He wanted to be like other fairies!

He sat on his willow branch and watched the others spinning around on their wings, up and down in the moonlight. And before he knew it he was crying again.

While he still sat there, down the grass came the splendid fairy queen with a most beautiful lady. "Here is a lonely lady," she said. "She wants a fairy to take home with her."

Then all the fairies crowded around her. "Oh, take me!" each one said. "Take me home with you!" And they all lifted up their arms.

Only the little fat fairy stayed on his willow branch. He thought they would only laugh at him if he ran to the lady, too. But he wanted to run to her. She was such a beautiful lady. She could make a sad little fairy feel glad.

"Take me!" all the other fairies were begging. "Please, take me!"

"You're all pretty," said the lady, hesitating. "It's hard to choose. You fly around so."

"We'll dance around you in a circle," said the fairies. "Then you can see every one of us." So they danced around her in a circle, and the lady looked at all the fairies in turn as they came by.

But suddenly the beautiful lady saw the little fat fairy sitting on the limb of the willow tree all by himself, crying, and she ran to him, and put her arms around him, and then she tumbled down on the grass with him. She held him close and kissed him.

"You darling!" she said. "Oh, you darling!"

And she kissed his fat little hands, and she kissed the tears away from his cheeks, and she kissed and kissed the creases in his neck.

"You darling!" she said again. Then she looked at the fairy queen. "I want this one," she said. "They're all lovely, of course. But oh, I do *want* this one!"

"But he's *funny!*" said the other fairies in dismay. "He's little and fat and he's bouncy, too."

"He's a baby!" said the beautiful lady. "He's a baby, the precious! You fairies are very nice and pretty and all that, but he's a little fat baby, and I love him." She held him close.

"Is he a baby?" said the fairies in amazement. "And all this time we thought he was only a funny fairy! He's a baby!" they told each other, and they felt very much excited.

But the fat little fairy looked up in the lady's face, and his eyes were happy instead of sad, and starrier than ever, and his laugh was so gay it was almost like a star, too, and he put his fat little arms tight around her neck, and went away with her.

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

AT EVENING when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Story-Books.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

From *A Child's Garden of Verses.*

SNOWFLAKES

Child:

LITTLE white feathers,
Filling the air—
Little white feathers!
How came you there?

Snowflakes:

We came from the cloud-birds
Sailing so high;
They're shaking their white wings
Up in the sky.

Child:

Little white feathers,
How swift you go!
Little white snowflakes,
I love you so!

Snowflakes:

We are swift because
We have work to do;
But hold up your face,
And we'll kiss you.

MARY MAPES DODGE

From *Rhymes and Jingles.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

WHEN THE SNOW CAME

MARK FRANCIS

TOMMY and Ann and Harry were making snowballs when big brother Jim came home from school. Jim knew the best games and always was ready to help them.

"I tell you," said Jim, when they said they were tired of snowballing, "let's go up on top of the hill and build a snow man. We can take that old dish-pan of mother's that she does not want any more. That will be fine to carry the snow in."

So up they went, Tommy carrying the dish-pan, Jim pulling Ann and Harry up on his sled, and Rover running, barking, ahead.

It was great fun making the snow man. Jim and Tommy took turns bringing panfuls of snow, and they

all helped build a fat little man. He had a pine bough in his arm and eyes made of marbles that Tommy found in his pocket. He wore Tommy's cap and he looked so real that Rover barked at him!

Then they each took turns sliding down hill on Jim's sled. But soon Tommy got tired of waiting for his turn. Into the dish-pan he climbed and pushed himself off the top of the hill. Down the slide he went, holding tight to the handles.

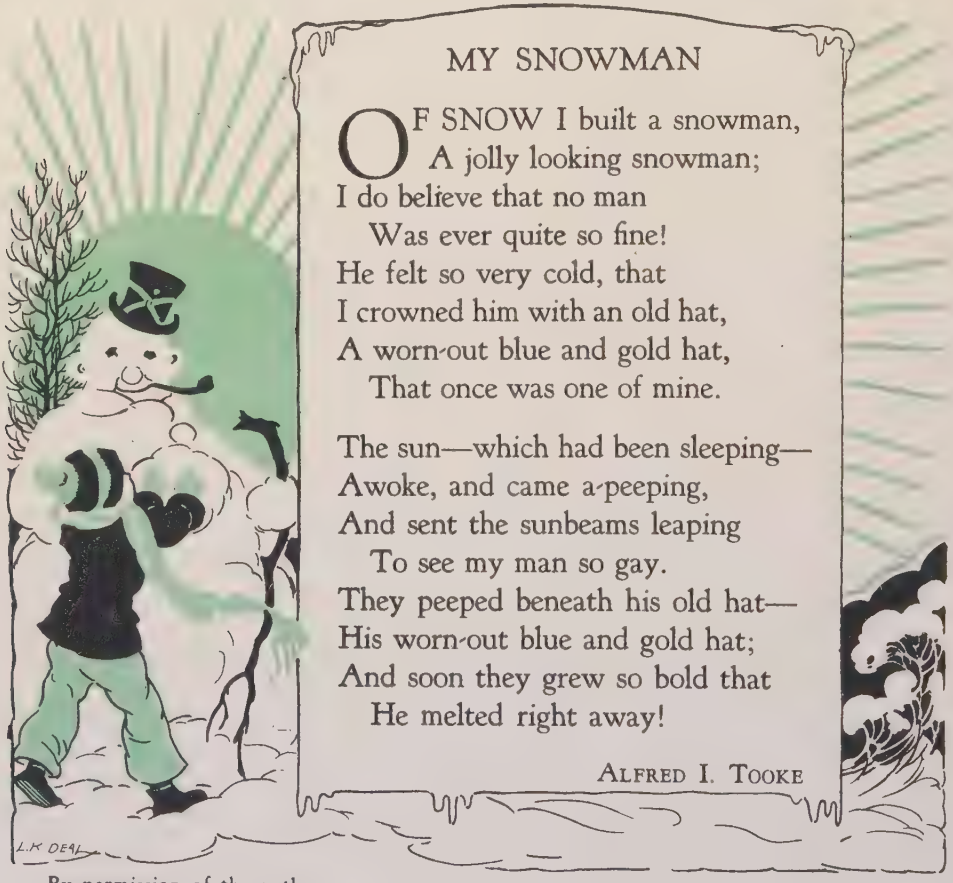
Round and round the pan turned. Sometimes Tommy was riding straight ahead, sometimes sidewards, and sometimes he was looking up at the top of the hill. But he got safely to the bottom of the hill and climbed out, laughing, calling out, "Oh, Jim! Oh, Ann! Try that! It's such fun. You roll down hill and you slide down hill, both together."

Each of the children took a turn at riding down in the dish-pan. They tried to make Rover take a turn, too, but he seemed to have too many feet. They couldn't make him keep any of them in the pan long enough to send him sliding down hill. Once Ann ran into a tree at the side of the road but the pan just

went spinning round harder than ever. It carried her down into a soft snowbank near the bottom of the hill and spilled her into a bed of snow. Rover ran down and tried to drag her out but she got up without his help. She thought the tumble into the snow was the best part of the slide.

At last their mother called them to come home to dinner. Tommy did not like to leave the snow man without a hat, but he had to take his cap. "Oh, I know," he cried at last, "let's use the pan to put on the snow man's head. Indian women carry jugs or boxes that way, mother says."

So they left the pan on the man's head. He looked quite happy to have it. In fact, he must have liked it, for after dinner the snow began falling again and the snow man got his pan quite filled for the children before they came back to play with him again.



MY SNOWMAN

OF SNOW I built a snowman,
A jolly looking snowman;
I do believe that no man
Was ever quite so fine!
He felt so very cold, that
I crowned him with an old hat,
A worn-out blue and gold hat,
That once was one of mine.

The sun—which had been sleeping—
Awoke, and came a-peeping,
And sent the sunbeams leaping
To see my man so gay.
They peeped beneath his old hat—
His worn-out blue and gold hat;
And soon they grew so bold that
He melted right away!

ALFRED I. TOOKE

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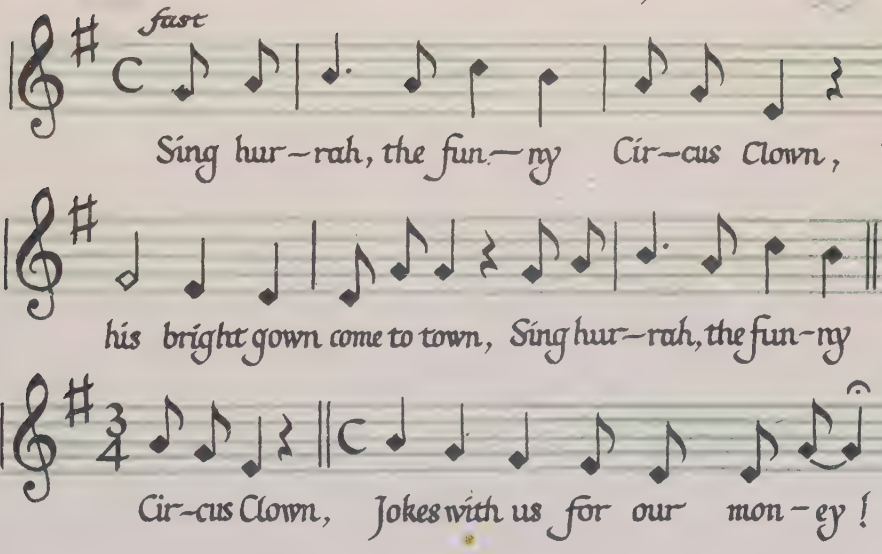
CLOWN SONG


fast
Sing hur-rah, the fun-ny Cir-cus Clown, In
his bright gown come to town, Sing hur-rah, the fun-ny
Cir-cus Clown, Jokes with us for our mon-ey!

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

Aesop

THE Hare once boasted to the other animals of how fast he could run.

"I have never yet been beaten," he said. "I can run like the wind."

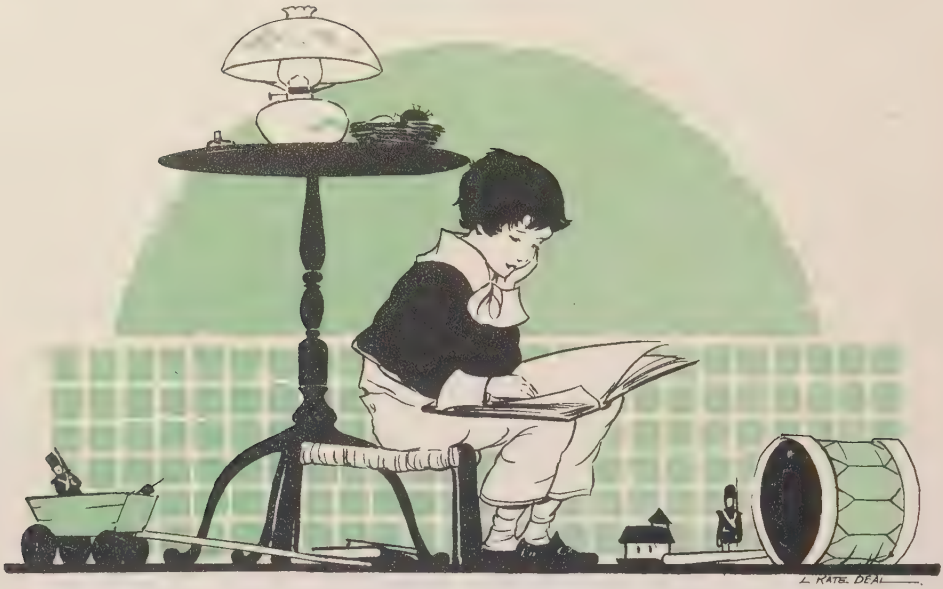
The Tortoise answered quietly, "I will race with you."

"That is a good joke," said the Hare, laughing heartily. "Why, I would be out of sight before you got started."

"Wait till you have won before you talk," the Tortoise replied. "Shall we race?"

The Hare agreed, so a course was chosen and a goal fixed. They started, and the Hare darted almost out of sight at once. Soon he stopped and, being tired,

lay down for a nap, sure that he would wake up in time to beat the Tortoise. The Tortoise plodded slowly on and on, and when the Hare awoke from his nap, he saw the Tortoise near the goal. The Hare jumped up and ran as fast as he could but was not in time, so the Tortoise won the race.



A STORY BOOK

WHEN you've read a story book
You're sorry to be through,
And then you say unto yourself,
"And now what shall I do?"

But then quite soon you answer,
Because the answer's plain,
"Why, turn to the beginning
And read it through again."

WILHELMINA SEEGMILLER

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